

LARGEST WEEKLY CIRCULATION IN AMERICA

TIP TOP WEEKLY

An ideal publication for the American Youth



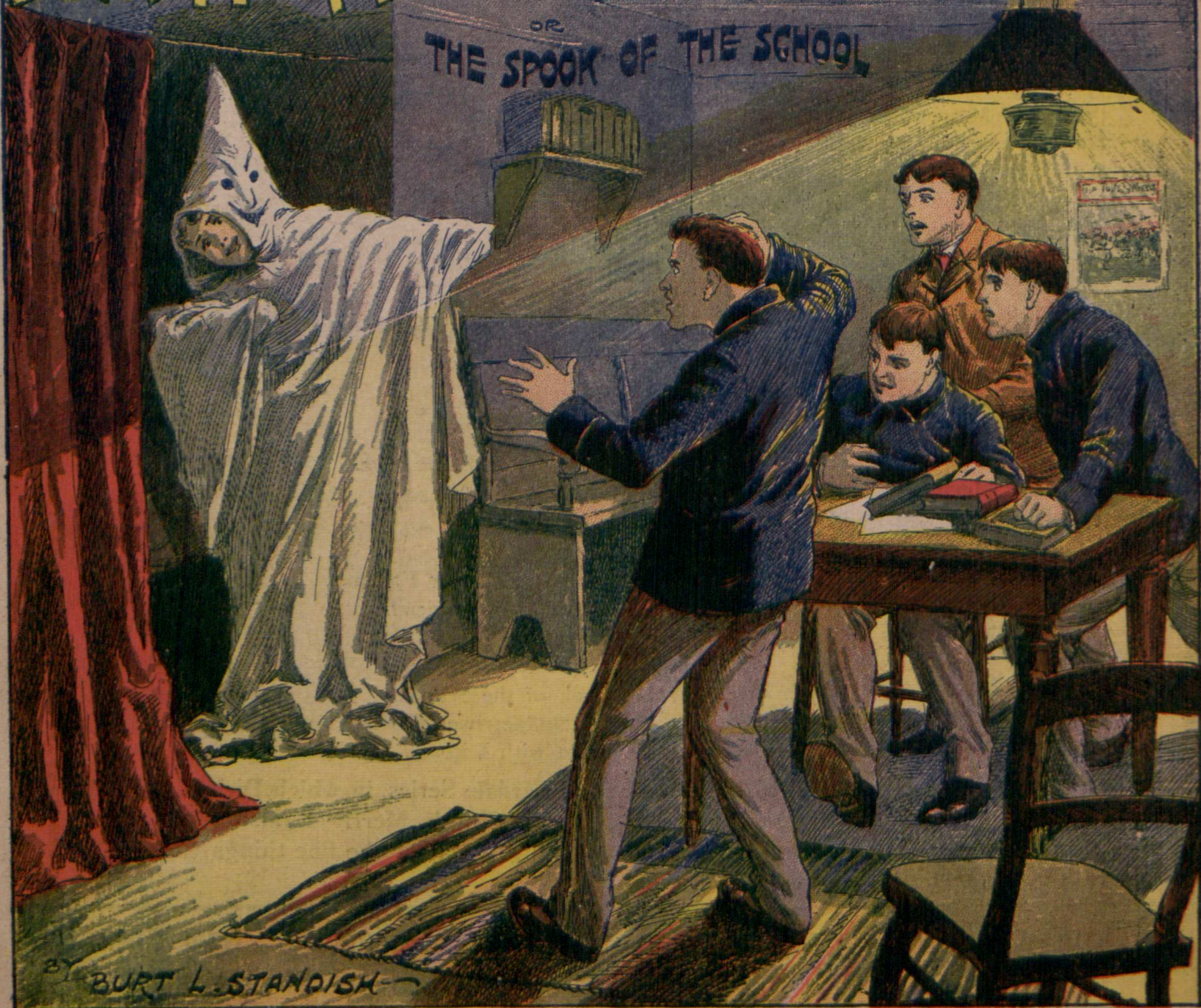
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No. 359.

Price, Five Cents.

DICK MERRIWELL, ABSENT!

OR
THE SPOOK OF THE SCHOOL



"YES, FRED PRESTON," SAID THE APPARITION, IN A HOLLOW, SEPULCHRAL VOICE, "YOU ARE HAUNTED."

Tip Top Weekly.

(LARGE SIZE.)

If you have not read them, look over this catalogue and you will read a list of stories unexcelled in any part of this world to-day.

Don't fail to read these stories if you have not already.

- 328—Frank Merriwell's Honor; or, Defying the Boss of the League.
- 329—Dick Merriwell's Danger; or, The Secret Order of the League.
- 330—Frank Merriwell's Fracas; or, Hot Times in Mad River League.
- 331—Dick Merriwell's Diamond; or, Fighting for the Lead in the League.
- 332—Frank Merriwell's Turn; or, The Greatest Game of the Season.
- 333—Dick Merriwell's New Ball; or, The Boy Wonder at His Best.
- 334—Frank Merriwell's "Ginger;" or, Winning an Uphill Game.
- 335—Dick Merriwell's Stroke; or, Unmasking the Man of Mystery.
- 336—Frank Merriwell's Winners; or, Landing on Top in Mad River League.
- 337—Dick Merriwell's Return; or, Back Again to the Old School.
- 338—Dick Merriwell's Difficulties; or, Making Up the Eleven.
- 339—Dick Merriwell's Mercy; or, The First Game on the Gridiron.
- 340—Dick Merriwell's Dash; or, Playing Fast and Fair.
- 341—Dick Merriwell's Set; or, Friends and Foes at Fardale.
- 342—Dick Merriwell's Ability; or, The Young Gladiators of the Gridiron.
- 343—Dick Merriwell's Mascot; or, By Luck or Pluck.
- 344—Dick Merriwell's Trust; or, Friendship True and Tried.
- 345—Dick Merriwell's Success; or, Bound to be a Winner.
- 346—Dick Merriwell's Determination; or, The Courage that Conquers.
- 347—Dick Merriwell's Readiness; or, Who Stole the Papers?
- 348—Dick Merriwell's Trap; or, Snaring a Spook.
- 349—Dick Merriwell's Vim; or, The Greatest Game of All.
- 350—Dick Merriwell's Lark; or, Beaten at Every Turn.
- 351—Dick Merriwell's Defense; or, Up Against the Great Eaton Five.
- 352—Dick Merriwell's Dexterity; or, Hot Work to the Finish.
- 353—Dick Merriwell Puzzled; or, The Mystery of Flint.
- 354—Dick Merriwell's Help; or, Flint's Struggle with Himself.
- 355—Dick Merriwell's Model; or, Frank Merriwell's Fight for Fortune.
- 356—Dick Merriwell as Detective; or, For the Honor of a Friend.
- 357—Dick Merriwell's Dirk; or, Beset by Hidden Peril.
- 358—Dick Merriwell's Victory; or, Holding the Enemy in Check.
- 359—Dick Merriwell's Disappearance; or, The Spook of the School.
- 360—Dick Merriwell's Registered Package; or, Frank Merriwell's Desperate Struggle.
- 361—Dick Merriwell's Power; or, Settling the Score with Eaton.

With TIP TOP No. 285 begins the now famous Fardale Series, in which Dick Merriwell has entered the good old school at which the career of Frank Merriwell also began some years ago. Thousands of young Americans will want to read of the fine things that Dick Merriwell has done, is doing and will in the future do.

STREET & SMITH, Publishers,

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OR,

The Spook of the School.

By BURT L. STANDISH.

SOUTHERN BOOK EXCHANGE
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CHAPTER I.

A DISCUSSION IN THE GYM.

The result of the ski-jumping contest caused considerable comment at Fardale. To confess the truth, but few besides Dick Merriwell's closest friends had believed he was certain to win.

Of course Brad Buckhart had never wavered. The Texan seemed to be confident that Dick was master at anything he attempted.

Lacking as much experience as some of the others had at the sport, Dick himself had stated before the trial took place that it was quite likely he would be badly beaten.

But he had jumped fully four feet further than the best man of the other three classes, giving the yearlings a victory for their class which they enjoyed hugely.

But the greatest surprise of the day was the fact that

Dave Flint, quiet, taciturn, shunned and shunning others, had covered more distance than any one save Merriwell.

No one had looked for this from Flint. The plebes had been disappointed because Dave won in the preliminary ski-running contest the right to represent his class.

The success of Flint had dismayed no one more than Chester Arlington, who heartily disliked the fellow.

Chester had anticipated being in the thick of the sport, but his misfortune in falling into an old well and nearly perishing there during the ski-running match had defeated his object.

But for Dick Merriwell he might have remained in the well to die, and this fact was bitterest of all to the proud spirit of Dick's most persistent enemy.

Chester came out to witness the ski-jumping, but he was still weak and pale, and just before the contest

began he retired to his own room, where he remained through it all, hearing the distant cheering and being very wretched, indeed.

It seemed retribution upon him, but he did not think of that now. He had thought of it while confined in the well, but he put such unwelcome thoughts aside on being released from his predicament.

The day following the ski-jumping, a number of the cadets gathered in the gymnasium at the usual hour in the afternoon.

"Dern my picter!" squeaked Obediah Tubbs; "I'd jest liked ter bin in that air jumpin'. I'd 'a' showed some of 'em up."

"I haven't a doubt of it!" smiled Ted Smart. "You're a regular bird, Obed. What a blissful joy it would have been to witness your sylph-like figure sailing daintily and gracefully through the air! Ah, me! how I regret that we missed the awe-inspiring spectacle!"

"You shet up!" shrilly cried the fat boy. "You can't jump over your own thumbs, you little hop-toad!"

"Stark was a disappointment," said a first class man. "He wasn't in it, and he has had more experience on skis than any other fellow here."

"Darrell didn't do so bad," said Big Bob Singleton. "I thought he had them all done to a standstill until Flint sailed over him. That Flint—who would have thought it!"

Brad Buckhart laughed.

"I opine Flint'll jar you all some, before he gets through," he observed. "That galoot's got a lot of ginger cached away inside him that no one don't dream of a whole lot."

"Bah!" exclaimed Fred Preston, contemptuously. "He's a lobster! If Arlington had been in it——"

"Come off!" exploded Buckhart. "Flint did a blame sight better for your class than Chet Arlington could have done. Chet might have been in it if he hadn't got so smart and run into a hole in the ground. That there was right queer, I will allow. How did Chet happen to take the longest course round to the academy after going over Split Top Mountain and so fall into

the well? I've been a whole lot puzzled over that. I have, I know!"

"That's all right," asserted Preston. "He knew the easiest way to cover the course, and he would have beaten the whole crowd if his ski strap hadn't broken."

"But that doesn't explain it to my satisfaction none," asserted the Texan. "There's something powerful queer about it."

"We weren't talking about that," said Preston. "We were talking about the jumping. There's lots of chance in ski-jumping. It's different from any other kind of jumping. A fellow doesn't really show what there is in him."

"Now I want to know!" drawled Brad, derisively.

"I can jump a little myself," Preston went on. "I might not have beaten Merriwell on skis, for that would have been luck; but I think I could make it interesting for him at jumping of a different kind."

"Now I want to know!" drawled Buckhart, again.

The Texan's manner irritated Preston beyond measure. He flushed and longed to hit Brad, but he knew better than to try anything of that sort. A fight to the lad from the Southwest was as welcome as a meal. Yet he was no bully.

The boys gathered closer, scenting something interesting.

Ignoring Buckhart's manner, Preston went on:

"For instance, in the running broad jump I would not bow to Mr. Merriwell—or to any one else, for that matter."

He looked defiantly at Buckhart, who a third time drawled:

"Now I want to know!"

"You can find out, if you care to try it!" flared Preston.

"Oh, I ain't any great jumper myself," confessed Brad. "But I will allow that I reckon even Dave Flint could beat you a whole lot."

"I'm not speaking of Flint!"

"I am."

"He would be too easy."

"Now, say!" cried the Texan; "I'll bet you——"

"No betting here," reminded a cadet corporal.

"I beg pardon, sir!" said Brad, saluting. "Just a figure of speech, you know, sir. All the same, I wouldn't be afraid to stake my last ounce of dust that Flint would push Mr. Jumping Preston here a whole lot. As for Dick Merriwell, he would make Preston look like a four flush. You hear me gently gasp!"

"I'd like to try it with either one of them!" declared Preston, hotly. "I'd just like to have the chance!"

"Well," said Chip Jolliby, "you may gug-gug-gug-get it. Here they bub-bub-both come."

Dick and Dave Flint had entered the gymnasium together.

CHAPTER II.

A MATCH IN PROSPECT.

Dick Merriwell was sticking to Dave Flint. Already he had known his perfect confidence in the fellow, and his faith had been justified.

But Flint was not a fellow to make friends, and Dick knew he was lonesome. So Merriwell appeared often in company with the plebe who had once been so unpopular, but who was fast winning respect, if not friendship.

Flint had a little time that afternoon. He did not get much spare time, for his studies and his work kept him pretty busy. But when he could find time Dick sought to advance the fellow with the rest of the boys.

So it happened that they entered the gym. in company.

"Hey, Merriwell! Hey, Flint!" called some of the cadets. "Come here."

They approached the gathering.

Hector Marsh was at Fred Preston's side in a moment, saying in a low tone:

"You'll have to jump against Merriwell. They'll force you into it."

"I'm willing," said Fred, with egotistical confidence. "It's just what I'm looking for."

"But you know he——"

"I'll have him on my own ground. Haven't I told you I was the champion broad jumper at school before coming here?"

"But Merriwell——"

"Merriwell—bah! You're all afraid of him, that's what's the matter. Arlington has tried to beat him at everything, instead of choosing those things at which he was most certain to be a winner. I'll show him up at the running broad jump, if he tackles me."

"I hope so!" declared Marsh, earnestly. "If you do, Arlington ought to be here to see. It would do him good, and he'd have something to say that would cut Merriwell."

"Go bring him."

"All right."

Marsh hurried away.

"I say, partner," said Buckhart, addressing Dick, "we have here a great discovery."

"Is that so?" asked Dick, smiling.

"I sure opine it is."

"What is the discovery?"

"A gent what can outjump anything on two legs. Why, pard, you ain't in it a little bit! He can make you look like a lost cause. He is a howling wonder, and no mistake. We've heard him tell what he can do, and so we know all about it."

Dick looked around for Arlington, but saw he was not present. Then he noted Preston standing there, a flush on his face, his arms folded, looking defiance.

"Perhaps he can," said Dick, quietly. "I didn't come here to jump."

"He's afraid!" thought Preston, immediately, more eager than before. "I can do him up!"

"I allow you didn't come for that purpose," said Brad; "but mebbe you will try it just to let this wonderful gent show how much he can beat you?"

"Here's Flint," said Dick. "I'll put him up against anybody in the school."

"This gent allows Flint is too much of a cinch. We want to make it mildly interesting for him if we can."

"All three jump!" cried somebody.

"That's the stuff!" exclaimed another.

Then there was a general chorus of approval.

Now Dick had not come to the gym. for anything of the sort, and he was somewhat annoyed.

"Let Preston and Flint jump," he said. "If Preston beats Flint, I'll see what I can do."

But Preston shook his head.

"You," he insisted. "Flint can jump—if he wants to, but I don't go into it unless you jump."

It was a challenge and a defiance. All the boys understood it as such.

At first Merriwell seemed disinclined to accept it in that spirit, whereupon Preston laughed and turned to Tom Walker, observing:

"I didn't suppose he would show the white feather."

Had there been any very powerful reason for not jumping Dick would have declined outright and persisted in his resolution, no matter what Preston or the others might have said. He was not the sort of a fellow to be driven against his will by a "dare," but it made little difference in this matter, and so he finally said:

"All right, fellows; we'll have a little jumping match. But Flint is to come into it."

"How do you know I can jump at all?" asked Flint.

"Well, I saw you make a jump on skis."

"This is different."

"Somewhat; but I'll risk you."

Marsh returned with Arlington, who still looked pale, not having recovered from his unpleasant experience in the well.

"It's a go!" laughed Jack Harwood, a handsome plebe. "We're going to have some sport."

Across one end of the gym. was a strip of mold, and there the contest was to take place. They might have gone outside, but the winter weather would have prevented them from stripping down for the contest, and they decided to have it within the gymnasium.

When the boys had retired to make ready there was much speculating on the result.

"This Preston is a corker," declared Earl Gardner. "I've seen him jump."

"Do you think he can beat Merriwell?" asked an anxious plebe.

Gardner shook his head.

"I don't fancy he can," he said. "I haven't seen any one yet who can beat Dick Merriwell."

Although a plebe, Gardner was the most loyal of Dick's admirers.

Arlington was looked to for his opinion.

"That fellow Flint had to crowd himself in!" he said.

"Oh, Merriwell got him into it," was the assurance. "Well, Merriwell needn't think he can run such a low duffer down the throats of the whole school," said Chester. "If he wants to associate with the chap, he can; but he mustn't try to force others to take up with him. Flint's the son of an anarchist. He's a socialist himself."

"A socialist?" said Buckhart. "Well, now, tell me is that a crime?"

Chester glanced at the Texan, his lips curling.

"Every socialist in the country ought to be shot!" he said. "They are producing all the unrest and trouble with the laboring classes. They are stirring up disorder everywhere. They want to take away private property, like the coal mines and the railroads and turn it over to the government to operate. That's robbery! It's all wrong! It can't be done."

"Now, can't it?" drawled Brad. "Do you think so just because your father happens to be D. Roscoe Arlington, the great railroad magnate? Well, let me tell you this: when the people of this yere country get together and agree a whole lot that it's time the coal mines and railroads should be operated by the government you can bet your sweet life the government will do the operating. You hear me affirm!"

"That'll never happen," sneered Chester. "The common people are fools. They are led like sheep by bosses, which shows their low order of intelligence. As long as capital has plenty of money to buy the votes of the ignorant, capital will remain master, and that will be forever."

"Mebbe so; mebbe not. People are getting a heap more knowing every year. The time will come when the great mass of voters will know pretty well how they want to vote without being told any by the bosses, and then it's right likely something will drop."

"Bah! Education for such cheap truck is a mistake!

It's all wrong! They were born to labor. There always must be drudges to do the work for the rich."

"So that the rich can live all easy and comfortable like, off what the drudges make for them? I ain't poor none to raise a holler about, but I reckon there are a heap of poor chaps who are just as good as I am, and mebbe a heap better."

"You're welcome to think what you like, and I don't doubt but you are right. But I object to accepting a fellow like this Flint as my equal, and you or Merriwell or any one else can't make me!"

Now Brad had led Arlington into saying things which rubbed on the raw many of those Chester had sought as friends, for Fardale was a school in which the sons of poor parents found an equal show with those whose parents were wealthy, and many of the plebes had little money or influence behind them.

"That'll be about all," muttered the Texan, turning away with Billy Bradley. "I just wanted that cad to show his colors to the toe-kissers what he has around him. If they can't see through him now, they're a powerful dumb lot."

"'E is a blooming braggawt!" growled the Cockney youth. "Don't y' 'now, I really 'ad an hideah that there couldn't be no 'owling top lofty haristocracy in Hamerica; but Hi 'ave found hout Hi was greatly mistaken."

"You bet your boots, Bill, old horse! We have our aristocrats, plenty of them. We have kings, too—money kings. Morgan is one of them. But when you want to see us get right down, and toady and grovel and prostrate ourselves in admiring humiliation, just send over an earl or a duke from old England, or a French count, or even a dago macaroni-eating high-muck-a-muck from Italy. Why, any old thing with a title can come to America and rampage round in high society and be worshiped with all due admiration and awe."

"Hit's 'orrid strange," said Billy.

"That's what it is, William, and it brings many a blush to the cheeks of the true American. Let some foreign potentate strike these hospitable shores and we line our streets with imported rugs for him to travel

over, we transport him free on special trains, we room him and bunk him and feed him at our swellest hotels, and we send him home laughing at us and feeling that we are a lot of easy marks. We may outgrow it in time, but the disease seems just about as bad as ever it was, and——"

"'Ere come Dick and Flint!" exclaimed Bradley.

Buckhart forgot his lecture on American manners, and immediately gave his whole attention to the preparations for the match.

CHAPTER III.

JUMPING.

The three boys had donned running suits. Preston came out first, a look of satisfaction on his thin, bony face. He was muscular in a lean way, but he had hollow cheeks. He smiled on Chester Arlington in a confident manner.

"This is the first time I have been against Merriwell, you know," he said, in a low tone. "I have him just where I want him now."

"Are you sure you can beat him?" asked Chester, remembering how many times Merriwell had come forth triumphant.

"I know it," declared Preston. "Just you wait and see."

Ted Smart was just springing a conundrum on Billy Bradley. Said he:

"What is the difference between Uncle Sam, a rooster, and an old maid?"

"Give it hup," said Billy.

"Why, a rooster says, 'Cock-a-doodle-do,' Uncle Sam says, 'Yankee doodle do,' and an old maid says, 'Any dude'll do.'"

"Dear me!" said Billy.

"Again," said Smart, "why is an old maid like a wilted apple?"

"Give it hup," said Bradley.

"Because she's hard to pair," chuckled Smart.

"Hi don't see 'ow hany one is going to pare an old maid," said Billy. "That's blooming foolish, don't y' 'now. Old maids don't 'ave peelings hon 'em."

"Some do," said Smart, while the boys laughed.

"Ever hear about the smoky window pane, Billy?" asked Ted.

"No."

"Well, if I told you, you wouldn't see through it."

At this the listening lads laughed louder than ever, but Billy gravely urged:

"Go a'ead and tell me and see hif I don't see through hit."

At this the boys roared, and the Cockney lad resentfully exclaimed:

"Lawf, blawst yer blooming 'eads! Hi don't see hany sense in the 'ole bunch of you!"

George Hardy, Bob Singleton and Art Andrews were chosen as a committee to arrange the conditions of the contest, take measurements, and declare the winner.

It was quickly decided that the boys should each have three trials, taking turns. Lots being drawn, it was found that Preston had to lead off, Flint following and Dick coming last.

"Give him a hard one at the very start," urged Arlington, in Preston's ear.

Neither of them considered Flint at all. They did not regard him as at all dangerous.

Flint was a quiet chap. They saw he had a good pair of legs under him, not as thick as his shoulders seemed to indicate, but full of muscles that were firm and healthy.

Preston looked almost angular.

Dick Merriwell was the most graceful of the trio; but behind his suppleness and grace there was hidden amazing strength, as all those watching boys knew. In many a test of physical endurance he had proven that he was a wonder.

Dick's intimate friends were confident that he would come forth from this test victorious.

"Why, I'd bet the Bar Z ranch that he'd win!" declared Brad Buckhart.

The run was short, for which reason it was impossible for the boys to get a start that would enable them to make their best records, but this was no worse for one than for the others.

The watching lads lined up at one side of the strip of mold. The committee drew a line that was to serve at the point from which each contestant was to spring.

Preston walked out to the starting point.

There was a hush.

Without pausing Preston ran swiftly forward to the mark and leaped.

A low exclamation of disappointment came from Arlington, who half turned away, with a gesture of disgust.

"What's the matter?" asked Marsh.

"I wish you had not called me," said Chester.

"Why?"

"Preston will be beaten without an effort by Merriwell. He is foolish to try this business."

The committee were laying the tape.

"Fifteen feet and one inch," was announced.

Preston came over to Arlington.

"Hush!" he whispered. "I did not let myself out. I'm fooling Merriwell now."

"You'll find he isn't a fellow to fool with," was all Chester said.

Catching Arlington's spirit, Marsh was angry.

"Don't you be an idiot!" he growled to Preston. "You want to stretch yourself right out if you hope to make a showing in this thing. You'll get your friends sore on you."

Flint was at the starting point.

"Bet you anything I've beaten that dub already," grinned Preston, nodding toward the boy with the scarred cheek.

Flint started forward with a bound, ran to the mark and leaped.

It was seen instantly that he had beaten Preston by at least a foot.

"Sixteen feet and three inches," was the announcement.

"Wouldn't that ju-ju-ju-jar ye!" chattered Chip Jolliby.

"That's his level best," said Preston, quickly. "He'll be a mark."

Flint felt that he had made a bad start, but he said nothing.

Next it came Merriwell's turn. He paced the run from the mark to the starting point, as if measuring the distance. It was far too short a run for him to make his best jump, and he knew it. He stood at the start, seeming to gather himself.

"You'll know what you've got to beat in a minute, Preston," said Arlington. "He's going to lay himself out to his best at the very start.

Then a boy spoke. All eyes were fastened on Merriwell, who seemed to stand there a very long time. His hands were clinched, and he gazed straight at the mark from which he was to leap.

When Dick started he did not leap ahead like Flint, he moved rather slowly, gaining speed rapidly. He reached the mark accurately without altering his stride and sailed through the air.

There was a shout that caused Professor Broad, the athletic instructor, promptly to warn them against making any such demonstration at that hour of the afternoon.

"There's what you've got to beat, Preston," said Chester Arlington. "You can't do it. The run is not long enough. That was a beautiful jump! Confound it! how I hate to see that fellow win at anything!"

"If that is all I have to do," said Preston, "Merriwell's name is Mud."

"Seventeen feet and one inch!" cried Singleton.

"Two feet clean more than you covered, Preston," observed Chester Arlington.

"Now I'm going to knock them all silly," asserted Preston, as he moved away to take his second turn in the contest.

"He seems to feel sure he can do it," said Marsh.

"I hope he's right," muttered Arlington.

The golden glow from the sunset filtered through the windows of the gym. and filled the place with mellow light. Dick Merriwell regarded the picture with great interest, thinking that this was one of the ties which was binding his heart to old Fardale so firmly that nothing could ever break the bond.

"You've got to stretch yourself a whole lot, Preston," said Brad Buckhart. "I reckon you'll need a pair of wings a heap before you ever jump that far."

"You've got another 'reckon' coming to you," returned the plebe, saucily.

"Well, if I don't wring his neck it'll be because he's not worth the trouble!" exclaimed Brad.

At Fardale plebes were supposed to address all the members of other classes as "sir," something Preston had failed to do in this instance.

Preston had taken the length of the run into consideration, and now he resolved to make not a false step that could defeat his object. He had noted every movement of Merriwell, feeling sure Dick had gauged the run to the fraction of an inch. Could he do the same? Much depended on doing so.

Preston crouched a little, staring straight ahead. Then he dashed forward, reached the mark, and went sailing easily through the air.

His jump had been a splendid one, and the plebes present were restrained with difficulty from whooping with wild delight when Singleton declared the distance:

"Seventeen feet six inches and a half!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE WINNER.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Chester Arlington, his face brightening. "Why, I didn't know Preston had it in him! He's really a wonder! It's astonishing with that start. Few professionals can do much better than that."

But there was a look of disappointment on Preston's face.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," he said, as he came back to his friends. "I should have done better than that. I let myself out then, and I fell a good six inches under what I should have done. It must be the shortness of the run."

But it was not. Although he was not aware of it, it was cigarettes. Preston had taken up smoking and inhaling the manhood-destroying little things, and they

were quietly and imperceptibly robbing him of his physical ability. He had noted no falling off at first. Indeed, the little wreckers do their fell work with a craftiness that is demoniacal, for they always lead the user to believe that they are not effecting him in the least. But always the time comes when they make themselves felt. Then it is that the smoker has become their slave.

Preston was a cigarette slave.

"Don't you fuss about that!" said Arlington, approvingly. "I believe you have fixed the whole bunch now. I doubt if you'll be beaten."

"Good boy!" grinned Marsh, showing his huge teeth in an appreciative grin.

Marsh copied Arlington. Everything Arlington did or said was all right. A very poor rascal himself, he admired the persistency, ingeniousness and courage of Chester's hatred for Dick Merriwell. Had Marsh met with as many setbacks as Arlington had experienced at the hands of Merriwell, he would have been cowed like a whipped dog.

But there was nothing of the whipped dog about Chester Arlington. To tell the truth, the one thing about Arlington that won the admiration of Merriwell was his unyielding persistency in his enmity. This quality led Dick to recognize the fact that Chester might have been quite a decent sort of a fellow but for the accident of his birth and his training. If he turned his determined mind in the right direction he would push on until he mounted to success.

It is a singular thing that the greatest rascals, the ones who betray talent of a high order, almost invariably would have been successful in the honorable walks of life and would have been leaders of men had they displayed only a good fraction of their energy and persistence for evil, in some honorable pursuit.

It does not pay to be a thoroughbred rascal, and still a thoroughbred is more admirable than one who does not go the limit. But the thoroughbred lands in jail when he might have become president of a bank, or a great merchant, or inventor, or constructor, or general—and that by controlling and directing the unusual talents and energies which, wrongly used, made him a rascal and finally a jailbird.

The slick, sly, cunning, half-hearted rascal sometimes escapes his proper punishment. But he is always a failure. Any man and boy who goes wrong is a failure.

"There goes Flint," derisively smiled Preston, as the

plebe of the scarred cheek was seen walking out to the starting point.

"He makes me ill!" muttered Arlington. "What does he think he can do? He is making a show of himself in a contest like this. Some day he'll get all that is coming to him."

"That's right," nodded Marsh. "He makes me sick, too."

"But he's not worth noticing," said Preston. "Merriwell can't make that fellow popular, even among his own set."

"Popular!" sneered Arlington. "I should say not. Why, he is the limit when it comes to common curs!"

Chester hated Flint worse than ever because Dick Merriwell had shown friendship toward the fellow. Besides, Arlington could not forget how he had insulted Dave, called him a coward and a cur to his face, bullied him, held him in contempt, and then, when Flint's outraged soul could endure no more, had been handled by the powerful young "hustler" like a child.

Besides, Flint had resented the insults of Clint Shaw, and it was Shaw's effort at retaliation that had been his undoing. Shaw had been one of Arlington's chosen tools, and now he was gone from Fardale, never to return.

Flint remained.

The young plebe with the scar paused at the starting point. He clinched his hands and drew his muscles taut.

"See the great hop-toad go it!" cried one of the Arlington set.

The scarred face of Dave Flint paled a little, but he did not look in the direction of the mocking fellow. Into his heart came a great determination. He would show these fellows what he could do.

Away he went, running slowly, gaining speed, reaching the mark, flying through the air in one mighty spring.

They stared, they gasped, they exclaimed in astonishment.

Some one cried:

"By thunder! he's beaten Preston!"

Could it be possible? Flint had done it—and the heavens had not fallen!

It was true. Even Preston saw that he had been beaten, and he was speechless with rage and wonderment.

Chester Arlington stood with his face betraying

many strange emotions. Within his heart a tempest was raging.

This Flint, this dog he hated, was he to snatch such a victory?

Again Chester wished he had remained away. Preston was one of his chosen set, and the success of Flint would be a blow at Arlington.

"Eighteen feet and two inches," was the announcement.

"My Lord! you've got to beat that, Preston!" grated Arlington, unable to restrain himself.

"I ought to do it," said Preston, who, for the first time, showed shaken confidence. "I ought to do it!"

"I'm afraid you can't," said Arlington.

"I'll do my best."

"Do your best! Why, great Scott! you're doubtful!"

"The run is short."

"It was long enough for him to jump that far."

"I'm not used to it."

Chester's face was flushed, and his anger was rising swiftly.

"You should have thought of that before getting into this thing."

"Well, Merriwell may beat Flint."

"Merriwell must beat Flint!" declared Chester. "If you can, then Merriwell must! Why, that fellow will be aspiring if he wins here to-day! If things continue to go his way, he'll be looking to become the leader of this class! That thing with the scarred mug—Dave Flint!"

Now Dick Merriwell was standing near enough to hear the words of Chester Arlington, and something like a smile of satisfaction twinkled in his eyes when he started to take his second turn jumping. Things were progressing to suit him.

"Now, pard!" cried Buckhart; "just get right into the game! It's your turn to hump yourself a whole lot. It is, I know!"

"Oh, he can't jump!" said Ted Smart. "Why, he jumps as if he had lead in his shoes!"

"Hi know better than that!" exclaimed Billy Bradley, who never could understand Smart's way of turning things round and saying exactly opposite what he really meant. "Hi think 'e will beat them heasy."

"Billy," said Ted, "you surely are a wise guy!"

Chip Jolliby started to say something, but his Adam's apple got to bobbing so wildly in his neck that

it seemed to break the words up in such fine pieces that no one understood a thing.

Dick took his turn, seeming to lay himself out to do his best, but when the distance was measured it was found that he had jumped just seventeen feet and eight inches.

He had beaten Preston's best record by an inch and a half.

But Flint had beaten them both, clearing six inches more than Dick.

Arlington's hand fell on Preston's arm.

"If you let that fellow Flint win this you're no longer a friend of mine!" he almost panted.

Preston was no longer smiling and confident. He had begun to fear himself.

"I ought to beat him," he muttered.

"You've got to!"

"I'll try."

But Preston was a quitter. He was one of those fellows who can never do their level best unless everything is going their way. Such fellows never reach real success in the world, because they lose heart and fail in moments of severe test and trial.

He went out now, fearing secretly that he could not win. Somehow he could not gather his best energies, although he tried to do so. He ran forward and jumped, but even as he made the spring he feared that he could not go beyond Flint's mark.

He did not.

When the tape was laid it was found that Preston had fallen three inches behind his last record.

He walked away, crestfallen.

Arlington gave him a look of contempt.

"You're a lobster!" he sneered.

"My foot slipped just as I went to jump," muttered Preston, trying to get off easy.

"Your nerve slipped," said Chester, understanding why the fellow had failed.

"I'm disgusted with you, Preston!" said Marsh.

Jack Harwood had joined them.

"Now you'll see Merriwell let himself out," he observed.

"I hope so," grated Arlington.

"You do?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Anything to beat that fellow Flint."

"But Merriwell—I thought he was the one you wanted to see beaten?"

"So he was, but not by Dave Flint. I didn't think there was a chance for Flint to do it. Merriwell must beat him now—he must!"

Again Dick was near at hand, but he stood with his back turned toward them, not seeming to hear a word that was being said. However, he was taking it all in.

"Your turn again, Flint," called Big Bob Singleton. Dave Flint shook his head.

"I have done my best," he said. "I don't care to jump again."

"Now wouldn't that bump you!" muttered Arlington. "His only care was to beat Preston. He knows he can't beat Merriwell."

Flint would not jump again.

"Well, I think I'll have another try at it," smiled Dick, as he walked out.

"You bet your boots he will!" said Buckhart. "And now you'll see something done."

Dick got into position, leaned forward, gathered himself, ran and leaped.

"He's done it!"

"He's the winner!"

"No he hasn't!"

"He's tied Flint!"

"They're right together!"

The committee were measuring as the boys uttered these exclamations. Bob Singleton did not seem satisfied.

"Have you got the tape right at that end?" he called to the one who was holding it on the mark.

"All right," was the assurance.

Then the three fellows on the committee got their heads together.

Arlington was anxious.

Big Bob turned to the waiting cadets.

"Merriwell's jump measures exactly eighteen feet," he said. "Flint wins by two inches."

Dead silence fell.

CHAPTER V.

DICK'S OBJECT.

"Look here, pard!" exclaimed Brad Buckhart, when he and Dick were together in their room that night, "what kind of a gum game did you play on us in the gym. this afternoon?"

Dick looked at him in pretended surprise.

"Gum game?" he repeated.

"That's what I said."

"What do you mean?"

"Just that," averred the Texan, planting himself in front of Dick, his feet wide apart and his hands on his hips. "I opine it sure was a brace game. I allow we were buncoed. And I am willing to admit that we didn't like it none whatever. The taste was a heap unpleasant to us."

"Us?"

"Your friends."

"Well?"

"Well, we had a right to look for something different, I will declare. Whatever did you mean by it?"

"Now, come right down and state what you are driving at," said Dick, putting down his geometry. "You have a most provoking way of beating about the bush."

"Why didn't you beat Dave Flint?"

"Why, didn't I try?"

"I don't opine you did any to speak of."

"Why, of course I did!" cried Dick. "What is the matter with you, Brad?"

"I don't believe it!" angrily growled the Texan. "That Flint can't beat you at anything! That galoot! Say, if you want to make Dave Flint a whole lot unpopular with me you'll just let him beat you once more like that! Why, I'll just have to go kick him clean up through his collar!"

"I wouldn't do that, Brad! Flint won handsomely, and I'm rather glad of it."

"I'm not. Why, there are some blamed fools who think he really did win fair!"

"Well, didn't he? What's the matter with you, Brad? Perhaps you know more about this thing than I do. There was nothing unfair about what Flint did."

"Whoa-up! I've never known you to lie, pard, but right here is where we get into a powerful bloody ruction in case you state to me that you did your level best the last time you jumped."

Dick could not restrain his laughter, which seemed to provoke the Texan more than ever.

"Laugh!" he cried. "I don't see the joke! There was Chet Arlington looking on and praying for you to be beaten."

"But not by Flint, Brad. He didn't want Flint to beat any one. He was badly hurt when he found Flint had won."

"Well, so was I. You know I didn't take to Flint any at all at first; but I have come to tolerate him a little. This thing will make me sore on him a heap."

"Get over it," smiled Dick. "Chet Arlington is sorer than you are."

"Arlington? Well, what do I care about that fellow? He's been sore on Flint right along."

"But never anything has hurt him worse than to have Flint win in the gym. to-day."

"It would have hurt worse to have you win."

"That's where you're mistaken, Brad."

"I don't see how."

"Why, Arlington is coming to fear Flint, as well as hate him. He realizes now that Flint is no coward, and he has felt Flint's strength. He knows Flint is bound to rise in the estimation of his class. That is why he fears the fellow."

"Now, see here, partner," said Buckhart, seriously, "you can't make Dave Flint popular if you try a heap. He ain't the right kind of a fellow. Don't you think you are going to put him over Chester Arlington with the plebes."

A queer, grim smile settled on young Merriwell's face.

"Buckhart, like all the others here, you have misjudged Flint entirely. That fellow is born to be a leader. He is a chap of powerful impulses, just as he has great physical strength. He is a chap who some day will dominate men and be a leader. Thus far he has not sought to control others. He is not ambitious that way. He has held himself aloof. Wait till he wakes up."

Buckhart shook his head. He could not conceive of a silent, stolid, reserved fellow like Flint becoming a leader.

"I don't see it that way, partner," he said. "You may be right, but I don't allow so. I'll bet you anything you won't be able to ram Flint down the throats of the plebes."

"I'm not going to try. I am going to wait and watch the plebes swallow him of their own free will."

"It will never happen."

"Now, look at me, Brad; which fellow has the most manhood in him, Chester Arlington or Dave Flint?"

"Why, I'm not denying Flint is all right in his way; but Chet is a free-and-easy fellow who will carry things his own way with that class."

"Not always. Mark what I say, they will get enough of him in time. Some other fellow will become the leader. I have marked Dave Flint for that fellow, and I'll wager anything I am right."

"Well, that don't make me feel any better because you let him beat you jumping."

"I have not said I let him beat me. But I do know that the success of Flint nearly killed Arlington. He realizes that a few blows like that will shake him on his throne. His place as leader of his class is far from secure."

Not once had Dick admitted that he had not exerted himself to the utmost in an attempt to defeat Flint in the jumping contest, but Brad was certain such was the case, and he now understood the method in his friend's strange act.

Buckhart knew Dick had a way of accomplishing many difficult things he set out to do, but it did not seem possible that Dave Flint, silent, humble, distant and poor, could ever aspire to become the leader of his class.

At the same time, the Texan recognized the fact that, should such a thing come to pass, it would be a most bitter pill for Chester Arlington to swallow. Dick Merriwell would be wreaking full and effective revenge on Chester Arlington could he dethrone the fellow and put in his place the scar-faced boy Arlington despised.

"Mebbe you're right," admitted the Westerner, shaking his head. "But I never expect to live long enough to see Dave Flint the leader of his class."

"Stranger things than that have happened here at Fardale," smiled Dick.

CHAPTER VI.

PRESTON GETS A CALL DOWN.

Chester Arlington's room was the most lavishly furnished of any at Fardale. It was luxurious as compared to any other room. There were easy-chairs, a couch, cushions, fine pictures, bric-a-brac, fine rugs, and such things as most lads at a military school do not dream of possessing. In this respect the rules had been largely suspended through influence brought to bear on Chester's behalf. His mother had visited him there and had expressed horror at the "cheerlessness" of his room, although at that time he had many more luxurious things there than was generally allowed.

Chester roomed alone, another concession, as all plebes were required to have roommates.

All these privileges were well paid for by his mother.

After the disappointment in the gym., Arlington retired to his room in deep disgust. He lighted a cigarette, to the use of which he was fast becoming addicted.

"I'd rather had anything else happen," he muttered, as he sat there smoking, sullenly staring at the coal fire in the open grate. "I could stand to have Merriwell beat Preston, but Flint—well, I was not the fellow he beat."

This, however, did not seem to give him the consolation he desired.

Not many fellows dared smoke in their rooms as Arlington did. To be detected smoking at Fardale and reported meant severe punishment. But Chet Arlington was clever. He stood in with the inspectors, he loaned them money, he found out their little secrets, and he took pains to let them know how much he had found out. Thus he obtained a hold on them that made them cautious about causing him annoyance, and if one came suddenly into his room at an inopportune moment he ignored the smoking cigarette butt that had been hastily thrown aside, or he did not seem able to smell smoke in the air.

Arlington had worked skillfully to obtain power at Fardale; but of late he seemed to feel that his position was not as secure as he could wish. He knew many of the fellows disliked him because he knew so much about them, but they dared not lift their hands against him.

As he sat alone, there came a rather hesitating knock on the door. He knew it was no inspector, and he did not fling the cigarette aside.

"Come," he said.

Preston entered, looking very downcast.

Arlington looked him over in supreme disdain.

"I'm sorry," said Preston, humbly.

"You make me sick!" returned Chester, smoking.

"I—I—I must have been out of condition," stammered Preston.

"You should have found that out before getting into such a thing," said Chester.

"I have jumped further than that. Besides, my foot slipped the last time."

"You told me that before," reminded Arlington, insultingly. "It's a lie."

Preston started a little. The blow had struck home.

"I—I came near beating Merriwell."

"But you didn't even do that."

"Didn't 'even' do it! Why, you know no one expected Flint to win."

"That makes it all the worse. Preston, you're a bluff. Flint called you."

"Well," said Fred, getting somewhat angry, "Merriwell has called you more than once."

Arlington sat up straight and pointed a finger at his visitor.

"That will be about all from you!" he exclaimed.

Preston subsided at once.

"Well, I did my best to-day," he mumbled. "It didn't hurt you any."

"Didn't it? It wouldn't have hurt so bad if that cheap duffer, Flint, had not been given a chance to show off."

Hector Marsh came in.

"Hello, fellows!" he said, looking from one to the other. Preston was his roommate. "It was hard luck, wasn't it! But I've just heard something that gives me cramps. I want to give you a tip, Chester; there's something doing that you won't fancy."

"What is it?"

"I just happened to overhear some of the fellows of our class talking. They were saying that Flint was the only fellow who ever defeated Merriwell at anything. They've heard that he plays baseball, too, and you know he can play basketball and hockey. The fact that he beat Merriwell caused one of them to say that he has shown himself away ahead of any other fellow in our class."

"Who said that?" asked Arlington, hotly.

"It was Earl Gardner."

"That jay from Maine? I'll have to get after him, I see. I have thought so more than once. Preston, you played right into Merriwell's hands to-day. You're an ass!"

"Played into his hands—how?"

"He knew what Flint could do; he wanted him to do it. He knew it would set the monkeys to chattering, and that was what he was counting on. Oh, he thought he was shrewd, but I can read him. Without Merriwell, Flint would not be at all dangerous. With Merriwell behind him, Flint is beginning to loom up. I can see the hand of Dick Merriwell behind it all."

Chester Arlington was, indeed, a good guesser.

"I'll soak Flint!" growled Preston.

"Better soak Merriwell. If I could get rid of that fellow I'd give anything."

"Get rid of him?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Any old way."

"He's making this Flint ambitious," said Marsh. "That fellow was satisfied to be a common 'hustler' until he got to chumming with Merriwell; now he wants to take part in all the sports, and he's making a record, too. Gardner was saying that Flint would be the fellow for our class to push for the nine in the spring."

"Well, Gardner will get his mouth closed for him, if he doesn't shut up!" exclaimed Chester, flushing with rage. "I am going to make the nine myself, and I won't play with Flint on it."

"You've got hard work ahead of you," observed Marsh. "Merriwell is to captain the nine, and he'll be sure to give Flint a show in preference to you."

"You see!" grated Arlington, in a very bad temper. "He can't run everything here! He has done so, but there is going to be a change."

"I'm afraid," said Marsh, "that he'll continue to do it just as long as he stays here. The only way to fix him is to kill him, and, of course, that can't be done."

"Can't it?" muttered Preston, as if questioning himself. "He put up a job on me, did he! I don't believe he did his best, anyhow. He wanted me to be beaten by that dirty Flint!"

It was strange how Preston's resentment for his humiliation turned toward Merriwell. He had taken a seat without being invited, and he sat there, brooding and sullen for some time. At last, he rose to go.

"What's your hurry?" asked Marsh.

"Let him go," said Arlington. "He wearies me. He made a botch of it to-day. Let him go."

Preston went out.

"Merriwell is to blame!" he muttered, in a manner that seemed unreasoning. "Arlington would not have minded so much if Merriwell had beaten Flint. Well, I've had it in for Merriwell a long time. I'll watch my chance to settle with him."

CHAPTER VII.

THE WINNER OF THE HOCKEY MATCH.

A spring thaw, accompanied by heavy rains, was followed by a sudden freeze that covered Lily Lake with a fine bosom of ice.

Immediately Fardale accepted Springvale's offer to come to Fardale for a game of hockey with the cadets. The Springvale fellows were anxious to play, having a belief that they could defeat the Fardale seven.

The very day that the challenge was accepted by Dick, who was now the regular captain of the hockey team, young Merriwell came to the room of Dave Flint, whom he found studying hard.

"Dave," said Dick, "I want you to play hockey with us against Springvale, Saturday."

"I'm sorry," said Flint; "but I can't do it, Dick."

"Why not? We need you. Arlington can't play. He hasn't been in condition since falling into that well. We can't afford to let those Springvale chaps take a fall out of us."

"I'd love to play," said Flint, earnestly. "But I can't—honestly I can't."

"You haven't told me why."

"Because I have to work. You know how it is. I'm helping work my way through the school. That takes lots of time, waiting on the table, washing dishes sometimes, and such things. Lately I've been taking too much time for things I should not. When I haven't been at work, or at classes, I have spent time in the gym. or at some other things like that. The result is that I'm falling behind in my studies. I must study Saturday afternoon when the other fellows have their holiday. It's the only way I can keep up with the rest of the class."

Dick sat down.

"You're having it rather hard, Flint," he said. "It doesn't seem just right."

"But you know I'm poor, and my uncle allows me just so much to get through school on. I saved as much of that as I could for Little Bill. Then you loaned me a lot to help pay for the operation on Billy, and now I have to pay that back."

"Look here, Flint, I don't want you to think of paying that back till you get through school. I won't take it! You're trying to do too much here. A fellow must have some sport. 'All work and no play'—you know."

"I've thought like that sometimes, but to-day I decided that I had no right to think of it. I'm mighty lucky to be here at school at all, and I'm more than satisfied."

Dick thought that many boys far better off than Dave Flint were anything but satisfied with their lot in life.

"What do you hear from Little Bill?" he asked.

"Oh, I had a letter to-day! He's coming on great. Doctor wrote, too. Operation was successful; Bill will be as straight as anybody. I'll never forget how much I owe you—how much Billy owes you!"

"If your uncle knew just everything about it he might fix it so you could get along more easily here."

"Oh, no! I wouldn't tell him for the world! He has done more for me than I had any right to ever expect."

"Hum! That's the way you look at it. Where is he now?"

"Out in Ohio."

"What place?"

"Toledo."

"In business there?"

"I don't know. I send all my letters to him in care of Wybetter & Hayes, who are prominent lawyers there."

"You say they are prominent lawyers?"

"Yes. I lost the street address once, and I just sent the letter to Toledo, care of Wybetter & Hayes, and he got it all right."

Dick made a mental note and rose at once.

"I'm sorry you can't play Saturday," he said.

A few moments later he left Flint's room and went directly to his own, where he sat down and wrote a long letter to Flint's uncle, giving the particulars of Flint's trials and troubles and manly struggle since coming to Fardale and explaining fully how he came to know so much about him. He also explained how he came to know about the gentleman to whom he was writing and how he had procured his address. He ended by fully explaining the position in which Flint was placed. He did not venture to make a request or even to hint that Flint's uncle should come to the rescue, but still about the letter there was something that suggested a great deal.

"This old uncle may not be half bad," he said; "and perhaps I may do Flint a good turn through this letter."

He sent the letter off that very day.

On Saturday morning Flint came to Dick, a look of doubt and wonderment on his plain face.

"I think I'll play hockey this afternoon if you want me," he said. "Perhaps you don't want me now, though?"

"Oh, yes I do!" nodded Dick. "I've been keeping

a place open for you, thinking you might change your mind."

"Well, Professor Gunna met me to-day and told me I had better take the afternoon off from all work and study. I don't know how he happened to do it."

Dick knew, for he had been to see the head professor about Flint.

So it happened that Dave Flint appeared as one of the regular players on the Fardale hockey team that afternoon, greatly to the surprise and rage of Chester Arlington.

"Now, look at that sly work on Merriwell's part!" said Chester, hotly, as he stood on the shore of the little cove that served as a natural rink for the two teams. "He has been practicing with Scudder on the team the last two days, but when the time for the game comes he rings in that stiff, Flint. Scudder's a fool to stand for such a thing."

"That's so," agreed Marsh, who stood ready to agree to anything Chester said.

Preston was listening, but he ventured to make no observation.

As usual at these games, a large crowd of spectators had gathered, and there were many girls from the Lakeside School. The afternoon was bright and sunny, with such a feeling of spring in the air that the boys well knew they were seeing what strongly promised to be the last of the season's skating.

The hockey game opened with a rush, the visitors getting right into the playing at the very start and making it hot for Fardale. It was characteristic of the Fardale boys that they seemed to warm up rather slowly in all games, but they were "great finishers."

It was Flint's fortune, however, to make a brilliant play early in the game. One of the Springvale forwards had carried the puck down close to Fardale's goal and made a try for a count, only to have the rubber sent flying back to him. As he gathered it up, a stocky lad flashed up to him with a sweep and snatched the rubber from beneath his very nose. It was Flint, who darted here and there, right and left, avoiding all who tried to stop him until he had a clear opening in front of Springvale's posts to shoot for a goal. He made a handsome try, which the goal tender stopped.

Then, of a sudden, there was great cheering from a bunch of fellows gathered back of the Fardale goal, and the cheer ended with Flint's name.

Chester Arlington's face paled, for he saw at once that the fellows who were cheering were plebes.

"Who are they?" he grated, glaring at them.

"Why, they're a lot of duffers led by Earl Gardner," said Marsh.

"That fellow Gardner!" Chester almost snarled. "I see I'm going to have doings with him!"

"It looks to me like a pre-arranged plan," observed Marsh.

"That's what it is!" said Arlington, as he looked the group of plebes over, noting who they were. "Gardner has gathered every fellow in the class who would agree to cheer for Flint. It's some more of Merriwell's work, and I'll bet my life on it!"

"Merriwell is taking an unfair advantage of you when you are not well," said Hector.

"Perhaps he thinks to down me! If he does, he'll find that I fight to the last gasp."

Flint had failed to make a goal, and in less than a minute a Springvale man drove the puck between the posts of the home team, securing the first score.

"I'd like to cheer now!" muttered Chester, bitterly.

"What is the matter with you, Mr. Arlington?" inquired a voice. "Aren't you well to-day?"

He turned and saw Zona Desmond, who was passing in company with Doris Templeton and Felecia Delores, and he immediately smiled and lifted his cap.

"I haven't been well for several days," he said. "But I assure you that I feel better since I have seen you, Miss Desmond."

He prided himself on saying such things well. But he observed that neither Doris nor Felecia gave him a sign of recognition. That cut him, but he tried to hide his feelings.

"I may be able to take down your pride some day, young lady!" he thought.

Zona would have paused for a few words with him, but her companions showed no inclination to wait for her, so she passed on, casting back a sidelong smile.

She did not know it, but she failed to attract him in the least. It was the modest, quiet, evasive Doris who provoked him and fascinated him.

For all of Flint's clever work, Springvale secured the first goal.

Two minutes later the visitors scored again, and it began to look as if the cadets were outclassed.

Dick rallied his players, and they went into the game with renewed vigor. But Springvale had come for

that game, and the most of the fighting was near the Fardale posts.

Time and again Merriwell or Flint prevented the Springvale forwards from making shots for goal. Indeed, the work of Flint seemed almost as clever as that of Merriwell, and it caused the plebes under Gardner to cheer, and cheer, and cheer again.

This cheering for the fellow he hated grated on Arlington's nerves.

"I'd like to get together a lot of fellows and cheer for Springvale once or twice," he said to Marsh.

"Let's do it!" exclaimed Hector.

"I'm not a fool!" returned Chester. "Do you think I want to play right into Merriwell's hands. Nothing I could do would make me so unpopular here."

"Well," said Marsh, with ill-advised judgment, "it rather seems to me as if something has happened to turn the tide against you anyway. The last time we were out here you had the whole class with you."

Arlington seemed to turn paler than ever, for he recognized the truth in his companion's observation. At the last hockey game he had led the cheering of the plebes. Now there was another leader, and he was causing his followers to cheer for a chap whom Arlington detested.

"Get out!" grated Chester, giving Marsh a savage look. "It's because I'm not well."

But the fear that he was losing his power grew upon him and turned him sick at heart. There was nothing in which Chester rejoiced so much as power, and the loss of it was gall and bitterness to him.

Repeatedly the Fardale lads came near scoring, but without success until, working together, Merriwell and Flint carried the puck through the enemy. It seemed that Flint meant to try for a goal, but he suddenly snapped the disc to Dick, who shot it between the posts before the goal-tender could get into position to stop it.

Now the cheering was for both Flint and Merriwell.

Chester Arlington felt like slipping away, but he remained, hoping Springvale would be able to win the game. That seemed to be the only chance of any satisfaction for him.

From the time that Fardale secured the first goal the battle raged more evenly, but the first half closed with Springvale one goal in the lead.

Arlington walked along amid the members of his own class. Several times he heard fellows speaking of the great work of Flint.

"He's not handsome or rich," said Brad Buckhart; "but he's the goods."

"That infernal blowing cow-puncher!" thought Chester. "He said that to give me a thrust."

He tried to assume a smiling face, but his effort was a dismal failure.

The second half of the game began with the spectators worked up to a great pitch of excitement.

Springvale went at it with the same dashing rush; but now she was met in a like manner.

Dick Merriwell was talking to his players. He was here, there, everywhere. He kept them at it, and he filled them with confidence. He was exerting his power over them.

But now Flint was not the star. It was Dick who won the wild applause of the cadets. Flint was playing as well as ever, but Dick was playing better.

"I allow," said Brad Buckhart, "that my side pard is just letting himself loose some. He is showing what he can do when he gets right into gear and hustles."

Still Springvale held the lead. Once, near the middle of the last half, Fardale tied the score; but almost immediately the visitors again took the lead.

"They will win!" thought Arlington, with satisfaction. "I'll claim that Flint was a hoodoo. I know how to make it appear that he is a hoodoo."

As the half was drawing toward the close Fardale again tied the score.

Then came such furious playing that the witnesses were breathless and thrilled. Three times Springvale carried the puck into position for a try at Fardale's goal. Twice the trial was made, being blocked once by the goal-tender and once by Merriwell, who darted in and cut it off. The other time Flint stole the rubber away from the Springvale forward just as he was on the point of driving.

Then came the time when Dick took the disc in front of Fardale's posts, dodged first one and then another of the enemy, carried it the entire length of the playing ice, and seemed to have a fine chance for a goal, as he was directly in front of Springvale's posts.

The Springvale goal-tender was dazed when Captain Merriwell, instead of making a drive, snapped the disc backward to one side.

Biff—whizz!

The whistle of the referee sounded.

For a moment the spectators were in doubt, seeming dazed. Then they saw that Merriwell had snapped the puck to Flint, who had been a slight distance be-

hind him to his left, and Flint had made a successful drive, sending the rubber past the goal-tender and between the posts.

And that clever piece of work won the game, for thirty seconds of play did not give Springvale time to tie the score, although the visitors did their level best.

Chester Arlington turned away from the lake, hearing the plebes cheering madly for Flint.

CHAPTER VIII.

INTO THE LAKE.

That night there was a merry time on the lake. The ice was covered by youthful skaters. The darkness was illumined by several bonfires on the shore. Boys and girls were there. The cadets from the academy were on hand, and a large number of girls from the Lakeside School were able to be present. Laughter and song and the calling of merry voices filled the night.

There was no moon, but the stars twinkled sympathetically.

Certain that it was the last of the skating, the boys and girls were making the most of it.

Even Brad Buckhart was making a desperate attempt to learn to skate, although, after his first experience, he had declared that he would never "mount the pesky things again."

Brad refused assistance when several of the boys gathered around and offered him aid and sympathy.

"Stand back!" he roared, gathering himself up from where he had fallen with a terrible crash upon the ice. "Whoop! Give me room! Let me spread myself!"

He managed to get upon his feet, but one of his skates started for the east, while the other proceeded in a westerly direction.

"You are spreading yourself very nicely," observed Ted Smart. "If you keep that up, you'll be handsomely spread all the way up to your collar button."

"Come back here!" shouted Brad, to his right foot. "Whatever are you stampeding off that way for? And you come back, too!" he snorted, glancing toward the other foot. "I've got my brand on you. You belong to me, and you can't get away any whatever. Look out for me!" he suddenly squawked, in a burst of wild alarm. "I'm ripping in the middle! I reckon I'm bound to do a regular circus split in a—— Woo!"

Down he went, while the boys stood about and

howled with laughter. That is, all howled except Smart, who sobbed and wrung his hands.

"What a sad, sad spectacle!" moaned the little fellow. "It will break my heart!"

"It will break my neck if I keep it up!" ripped out Brad, as he sat up and looked angrily at his refractory feet. "Whatever do you suppose makes the onery things work like that? They must be locoed! Do skates ever get locoed I wonder?"

"Hi would try it again, hif Hi were you," advised Billy Bradley.

"Oh, yes!" said Buckhart. "I haven't a doubt of that! You would try anything! Well, I'm going to stick to it until they take me home a corpse or I bust these onery bucking skates!"

He got onto his knees and then tried to rise.

The skates scooted out behind and he fell on his stomach.

"Dern!" said Brad.

Then he sat up and tried to rise from that position.

The skates scooted out in front of him, and he sat down again.

"Dern!" said Brad, again.

After which he sat there and meditated.

"I'd like to have the galoot here who invented skates!" he finally observed, with repressed rage. "I'd sure be hanged for murder, though," he added.

Dick Merriwell and Obediah Tubbs came skating up.

"Hello, Brad!" called Dick. "What are you doing down there?"

"Just warming a spot on this blamed cold ice," answered the Texan. "Say, pard, whatever do you suppose makes ice so cold?"

"I think it must be because it is frozen," said Dick, gravely.

"Mebbe that's so," agreed the Texan, soberly. "But there ought to be some plan of warming it up when a fellow has to sit down to rest on it."

Dick spoke a word to Obediah, and they lifted the Texan to his feet.

"Now you stand up and skate," said Dick.

"Look here," cried Buckhart, "I'm no baby! You let go of me instanter, or I'll shoot you full of perforation! You hear me chirp!"

"All right," said Dick.

They did so.

Then followed a hair-lifting performance, for Brad made an awful attempt to keep on his feet, while first

one foot and then the other shot out. He clawed at the air, he squirmed and twisted and jumped. The sound of his skates on the ice came sharp and clear—clip, clip, clip. But it was no use. He finally tried to kick the stars out of the Long Handled Dipper.

When he sat up he observed:

"That's the handsomest comet I ever saw! It had more than nineteen million colors in it."

Some one touched Dick Merriwell on the shoulder, and he saw Flint at his side.

"Something is going to happen here to-night," said Dave, in a low tone. "I heard some fellows talking, and there are a lot of chaps wearing masks."

Dick had noticed that.

"Have you an idea?"

"No; but I thought I would speak to you about it."

"All right. Keep your eyes open."

Just then one of the masked fellows darted past them. He gave Flint a trip that dropped Dave to the ice.

Immediately Dick skated away after the masked chap, keeping him in sight. He saw him join several others, who hovered beyond the glare of the bonfires.

"I believe it's going to be a rush," thought Merriwell. "Those fellows are some of Chet Arlington's crowd, or I'm mistaken."

As he stood there, another masked chap sped past him and cleverly tripped him up.

"Well, I like that!" muttered Merriwell, as he quickly sprang to his feet. "I think I'll see who you are."

Immediately he dashed after the fellow, determined to overtake and unmask him.

They were beyond the firelight, and Dick kept his eyes on the fleeing wearer of the mask, who looked back, as if wishing to find out if he was coming.

It did not take Merriwell long to discover that the fellow was a good skater.

"But I think I'll be able to run you down, just the same," he muttered, grimly.

Away toward the island headed the fugitive. Dick began to gain after a little, upon which it was seen that the masked chap redoubled his efforts.

The island was reached and the wearer of the mask sped round one end of it, disappearing from view.

During the few seconds that he was out of sight, the fugitive swerved to one side, as if avoiding some spot on the ice, but turned back again until it seemed that he had kept on almost a straight course.

Dick came round the end of the island and bore straight for the fellow.

Suddenly and without warning, the ice gave way beneath Dick's feet and he was precipitated into the chilling water.

CHAPTER IX.

WHERE IS DICK?

Chester Arlington had a little scheme of his own on foot that night, and he it was who had provided masks for a lot of his particular friends. He had not seen Dick Merriwell pursue the mysterious fellow who tripped him, and after a time Arlington began to look for Dick in vain.

"What has become of Merriwell?" he asked of Hector Marsh.

Marsh wore a mask.

"I don't know," he said. "I haven't seen him for some time. Isn't he with Doris Templeton?"

"No; Darrell is skating with her."

"Well, I don't know where he is, then."

"How are we going to let ourselves loose on him and his gang unless we can find him. It would botch the thing to rush them unless Merriwell was with them."

A masked fellow came skating up. Somehow he seemed greatly excited.

"You needn't look for Merriwell any more to-night!" he whispered in Arlington's ear. "You needn't ever look for him again. He won't bother you any more!"

Chester was startled. He clutched the fellow's arm.

"What do you mean?" he asked, in a low tone.

"Let go!" grated the other. "You wanted to get rid of him! Well, perhaps you have!"

"What do you mean?" repeated Chester, sternly. "Where is he?"

"Under the ice!" hissed the other. "He's dead!"

Then he tore from Arlington's grasp and dashed away.

Without a word, Chester sprang in pursuit.

"I'll find out what you are trying to get through you!" he muttered.

But he had miscalculated his own strength, for he had not wholly recovered from his recent illness, and the unknown skated away, easily keeping ahead.

Chester was not one to give up easily, and he pursued the unknown past the island before realizing that

the chase was useless. The mysterious chap kept on and skated away.

Chester swung toward the island to turn about and retrace his steps, still wondering not a little.

Of a sudden, he swung one of his skates on the side and stopped as quickly as he could, an exclamation of astonishment breaking from his lips.

Right before him, revealed by the starlight, was a considerable opening in the ice, with great cakes floating about.

"What the dickens does this mean?" he muttered. "I didn't know there was a hole here."

He stood and stared at it some minutes, noting that the ice had broken with regularity along the edge, leaving the opening similar to a great square place where ice-cutters had been at work.

Cautiously Arlington moved nearer. Finally he got down on his hands and knees and crept quite close to the opening, examining the edge.

"Now, that's a fine piece of business!" he muttered. "This hole was cut with a saw. What is the meaning of it? Somebody might skate into this place and be drowned."

Hal Darrell and Doris Templeton, with clasped hands, came skating round the island. They were heading straight toward the opening, chatting and laughing.

"Hold on! Look out!" cried Chester, warningly. "There's a hole here! You'll be into it!"

They turned aside and stopped.

"A hole there?" said Darrell, wonderingly. "Why, how is that? There was no hole here this afternoon."

"Well, it's here now," said Chester, "and I came awful near skating right into it. All the skaters must be warned about this place."

"That's right," agreed Darrell. "They should be warned right away."

Then he and Doris turned about and skated back toward the bonfires.

"Who was that fellow by the hole?" asked Doris.

"I think it was Arlington," answered Hal. "It sounded like his voice."

Chester followed them, rejoining his masked friends, whom he told of the hole near the western end of the island. All seemed very much surprised.

"Has any one seen anything of Merriwell?" Arlington asked.

No one had.

In the meantime, Dick had been missed by his

friends, who were beginning to look for him. No one had seen him for some little time.

"That's mum-mum-mum-mighty queer," chattered Chip Jolliby.

Dave Flint seemed to be the last one who had spoken to Dick. When Flint found that Merriwell was missing his uneasiness increased,

"I knew there was something in the air," he said. "I felt it. I hope there has been no crooked work."

"Don't you worry about Merriwell," laughed Harry Dare. "He'll turn up all right. Likely he's skating with some girl."

But the curiosity of Dick's friends was fully awakened, and they continued the search for him.

"Merriwell!" they were calling, here and there on the lake. "Merriwell! Merriwell!"

There was no answer to their cries.

Away on a distant shore stood a fellow who had stolen off by himself and removed his skates. He heard them calling that name and shivered.

"Shout to him!" he muttered. He'll never answer you! He went down like a rock! I thought perhaps he might escape, but he didn't. He'll be found when the ice goes out of the lake."

This fellow stole along the shore toward the road. He did not wish to be seen by anybody. Once he crouched behind some cedar bushes and listened.

Skates were ringing on the ice of the lake. The fires sent forth their red glow. When fresh wood was cast onto them millions of sparks fluttered upward like swarms of fireflies.

But now the singing and laughter was hushed on the lake. A sense of tragedy seemed to brood over everything. And through the night the unanswered voices were vainly calling:

"Merriwell! Merriwell! Dick Merriwell!"

CHAPTER X.

COWARD CONSCIENCE.

The alarm of Dick Merriwell's friends grew. It was thought that there was a possibility that he had returned to the academy, and two fellows were sent there to find out. They returned with the report that Dick was not there.

Brad Buckhart, who had stripped off his rebellious skates, took a torch from one of the fires and set out for the mysterious hole in the ice near the island.

"Oh, I don't opine any whatever that he has skated

into it," said the Texan; "but then I just want to take a look at the place."

Others seized torches and accompanied him.

When the hole was examined it was found beyond a doubt that the ice had been cut there with the aid of an ice-cutting saw.

"Hit looks very much to me," said Billy Bradley, "as hif somebody 'ad skated honto the ice hafter hit was cut hout and broken it hup like this."

"But not Dick!" said Buckhart—"not my pard!"

Chester Arlington, who was with the party, was thinking of the strange words that had been hissed in his ear by one of the masked fellows on the lake.

"Where is he?" Arlington had asked; and the answer was, "Under the ice!"

"Merriwell went down here," Arlington mentally decided. "He was trapped and drowned! Who did it?"

Strangely enough, Chester Arlington did not thrill with satisfaction over the fate he fancied had befallen Merriwell. Many a time he had believed he could kill Dick without a qualm of conscience; but now he saw there would be no triumph for him in this mysterious vanishing of Merriwell, and he began to fancy that he might be suspected of having taken a hand in any crooked work that had been perpetrated.

"I believe he has been drowned!" whispered Hector Marsh, in Arlington's ear.

"Shut up!" returned Chester. "I'm afraid so, too."

"Afraid?" gasped Hector, in amazement.

"Yes. What good will it do?"

"Well, I declare! And you have wished him out of your way a hundred times!"

Arlington turned away. It was true he had wished Dick out of his path, as Marsh said; but now something thrust upon him the memory that it was Dick Merriwell who, on at least three occasions, had rescued him from positions of extreme peril. And only a short time before, when he was suffering horribly in the old well, it was Dick who had appeared above and called down to him; it was Dick who had descended into the well and almost dragged him to the surface.

"Well, I'm not to blame for anything that has happened to him," Chester told himself.

Wait a minute, Arlington! Are you sure about that? You are the one who aroused enemies against Merriwell. You are the one who led them to believe you would rejoice at any fate that might befall Merri-

well. Whatever has happened to him this night, you are the indirect cause of it all!

But Chester refused to think that this was true. If there was anything for which he could heartily congratulate himself it was that he had known nothing of the plot against Dick Merriwell and had taken no hand in the execution of it.

With his mind in a state that was far from pleasant, Chester left the lake and turned toward the academy. He found Marsh at his side and was annoyed by the presence of the fellow. Hector served him well as a tool, but he was a most tiresome companion.

Marsh was very curious. He was inclined to ask questions. Did Chester really believe Merriwell was drowned?

"I don't know anything about it," said Arlington, sharply.

"Oh!" exclaimed Marsh, and the other seemed to fancy there was something of doubt in his voice.

"Look here!" said Chester. "I don't like the way you said that. When I tell you a thing it goes. Understand? If anything has happened to Merriwell to-night, I know nothing whatever about it."

"But I'll wager anything you'll be suspected."

"Let them suspect! What do I care!"

But Chester knew Marsh spoke the truth. He had been Merriwell's most persistent enemy, and he would be suspected. The thought made him angry. He was determined to find out the truth that night, if possible.

Hector Marsh found Fred Preston in their room. Preston jumped and uttered a startled exclamation when Hector came in.

"Hello!" said Marsh. "What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," answered Preston, swallowing down a lump in his throat and trying to appear calm. "Just come from the lake?"

"Yes."

"I came a long time ago."

"How was that? You know we had a plan to rush the yearlings and get at Merriwell and Flint. Didn't you stay for that?"

"No. I twisted my ankle and couldn't skate, so I just got out. Did anything happen?"

"I should say so!"

Marsh told of the mysterious disappearance of Merriwell and the suspicious hole in the ice.

Throughout the narrative Preston avoided the eyes of his roommate.

"It's very strange," he said; "but I'll bet anything Merriwell will turn up all right. He always does."

"He always has," admitted Hector; "but I'm beginning to feel that it will be different this time. So are lots of the fellows. They think he skated into that trap and was drowned."

"Trap?"

"Yes, for it was a trap. The ice was sawed and left so that it would break up if any one skated onto it."

"My!" said Preston, weakly. "Who do you suppose did it?"

"One of Merriwell's enemies, of course."

"Not—not Arlington? He's Merriwell's worst enemy. You don't suppose he did it, do you Heck?"

"I don't know. He acted mighty strange about it. I thought he would feel good over it."

"Didn't he?" asked Preston, as if greatly surprised.

"If he did, he's a great actor, for he pretended to feel anything but pleased."

Preston seemed bewildered.

"I can't understand why he shouldn't be pleased," he said. "He has tried every way possible to hurt Merriwell, and he's said he could become the leader here at school if it were not for Merriwell."

Marsh knew all about that.

Preston seemed to grow angry and excited.

"I believe Chester Arlington did it!" he cried, walking the floor. "He's pretending to feel sorry so he will not be suspected. But he can't fool me—he can't fool me!"

Marsh looked at his roommate queerly.

"Why are you staring at me like that?" snapped Preston, fiercely.

"Oh, nothing!" said Hector, but he drew away from his companion.

Preston shunned the boys at the academy that night, keeping in his room. But he was nervous and restless, and he asked Marsh to find out what the boys were talking about.

Marsh was gone when Arlington came walking coolly into the room. He looked Preston over in a manner that made Fred burst forth hotly:

"Well, what is it? What's the matter? What are you looking at?"

"How long did it take you to cut that hole in the ice?" asked Chester, grimly; "and when did you do it?"

"What hole?" gasped the nervous lad. "What are you talking about? I don't know what you mean!"

"Oh, yes you do!" grimly declared Arlington. "Did you think I didn't recognize you when you came and told me Merriwell was under the ice?"

"Never told you anything of the sort!" almost cried Preston, jumping up and beginning to limp about. "I'm lame! I didn't stay on the ice. I came back here a long time ahead of the other fellows. I sprained my ankle and could hardly walk. See how lame I am."

"Yes, I see," nodded Arlington. "I'm not a fool, Preston! You skated remarkably well when I tried to catch you. You're an excellent skater, Preston; but I'll wager that Merriwell could have run you down in less than half the length of the lake."

"Well, he didn't, and he tried hard enough. He——" Preston stopped short, choked, and then stammered: "I—I mean I know he couldn't if he had tried."

"I think you said what you meant all right enough," smiled Chester, in satisfaction, turning toward the door. "I can read you, Preston."

The other boy started after Arlington, who suddenly turned about, looked hard at him, and said:

"How quick you were cured of your lameness! You are not limping a bit now."

Then, pale and shaking, Preston actually went down on his knees.

"Don't go round telling that I did it!" he entreated. "I have been your friend! I thought you would be satisfied—I thought. Don't——"

"Don't say another word!" exclaimed Chester, now turning pale himself. "Don't confess to me! I want to know nothing whatever of your crime! Keep away from me! Don't ever speak to me again! From this day forward I have nothing to do with you!"

Then he hastened out, closing the door and leaving behind him a crushed and broken lad.

CHAPTER XI.

HAUNTED.

That night Preston seemed afraid to go to bed and afraid to remain up. All cadets were supposed to retire promptly and put out their lights at taps, but Preston objected when Marsh wished to obey the call. However, Marsh blew out the lamp, telling his roommate that he had no intention of being pulled over the coals for disobeying rules.

Preston undressed shivering and crawled into bed. He twisted, and turned, and could not get to sleep.

Once he grasped his companion and sat up suddenly, whispering:

"What was that?"

"What's the matter with you?" growled Marsh.

"I heard something."

"Bah!" grunted Hector, and turned over to sleep.

"It was a rustling and a breathing right here by the bed!" insisted Preston; but Marsh was snoring in less than half a minute.

Some time in the night Preston gave an awful cry of terror, like a choking groan, and Marsh awoke to find his companion entirely covered by the bed-clothes. When he had dragged the fellow out, Preston was shaking like a leaf, and finally managed to ask:

"Did you see it?"

"See what?"

"The ghost!"

"Ghost—your grandmother!" snorted Marsh.

"I saw it—I saw it!" palpitated the frightened lad. "It was right here by the bed, all in white, and it was looking at me!"

"Nightmare," said Marsh.

"No, no! I know I really saw it! Hector, I'm haunted! It was his ghost!"

"Whose ghost?" asked Marsh, who had temporarily forgotten the mysterious disappearance of Merriwell.

"Why, Merriwell. I recognized him!"

Marsh crept away toward the edge of the bed.

"See here, Preston," he said, "what have you done? How were you concerned in Merriwell's disappearance?"

"Oh, don't! I didn't do anything! I never touched him!"

"Then go to sleep, and don't be a fool."

But there was no more sleep for Preston that night. He lay through the long hours, hearing the frightened beating of his own heart, suffering when the wind rose and wailed outside the window, his body cold, his heart like lead within him.

He was not the only one disturbed that night. Chester Arlington was awakened by something like a cold wind that rushed across his face. He fancied he had left his window standing wide open, but sleepily closed his eyes and was dozing off when something like a cold, clammy hand fell gently upon his forehead. A moment later he was sitting bolt upright and staring into the darkness of the room. He fancied he heard a rustling, then all was still.

"What the dickens was it?" he muttered, his nerves shaken a little.

He got up and found his window closed.

"Mighty strange," he said, as he got back into bed. "I must have dreamed it."

Still he felt that it was no dream, and an uncanny sensation oppressed and smothered him. It was long before he could sleep.

On the following day a serious attempt was made to investigate and learn more about the remarkable disappearance of Dick Merriwell. The opening cut in the ice was examined again, and there was no longer a doubt but it had been done with regular ice-cutters' tools. The belief that Dick had skated into that opening and been drowned grew steadily until it became a conviction.

Dick's friends were heartbroken, and there was nothing but gloom about the academy. Dick's enemies were silenced, and nothing but praise for him was heard anywhere. Fardale felt that a fearful calamity had befallen the school.

Brad Buckhart was utterly broken up, but he swore over and over again to completely solve the mystery of Dick's disappearance and to bring to punishment any one who had been concerned in the dastardly work.

The boys got together and talked mournfully of the terrible thing that had happened.

Hal Darrell said:

"He was the squarest enemy and firmest friend any fellow ever had. I know, for I have been both enemy and friend to him."

"I'll never give up he's dead until I see his body," declared the Texan, whose face was haggard and full of sorrow.

Ted Smart had no jokes; he even forgot to express himself in his usual characteristic manner.

Scudder had wept; his red eyelids showed that.

"Once I was his enemy, but he made me his friend. No brother could have done more for me than he did. Why couldn't it have been some cheap fellow like me, instead of the finest lad in the whole world!"

Others felt the same.

Professor Gunn was sitting alone in his study that Sabbath afternoon when there came a knock on the door and Professor Barnaby Gooch walked in. Professor Gooch's wizen old face was inexpressibly sorrowful.

"Professor," he said, dolefully, "I have come to learn if you are fully satisfied that this great calamity has befallen us."

"What great calamity?" snapped Gunn, sharply. "What are you talking about, sir?"

"Why, you know—this unfortunate, this terrible drowning of the brightest, most brilliant, most manly, most noble youth who ever attended this school."

"Whom are you speaking of, sir?" exclaimed Gunn, in pretended amazement.

"Why, Richard Merriwell, of course," sighed Gooch, dropping on a chair.

Gunn arose and glared at his visitor.

"'Brightest, most brilliant, most manly, most noble youth!'" he exploded. "And you—you, sir, were one of his traducers! You declared more than once that he was ruining the school by his evil example in athletics. You were always opposed to him while he lived, sir. You prated about him like an old hen, sir! Now you come here pretending sorrow after he is dead and gone! You should be ashamed, Barnaby Gooch!"

To his surprise, Gooch bowed his head meekly, saying in the most humble and contrite manner:

"I confess, professor, that I was wrong. Worse than all, I confess that I knew I was wrong all the time. Even while I said such things about him and pretended to dislike him, I admired and respected him more than any other boy in the school. I confess that I took the stand I did because it seemed to annoy you. I am sorry!"

Professor Gunn stood quite still, regarding Gooch in silence some moments. At last, he said:

"Well, I am glad to know you have manhood enough to confess your error and injustice, Professor Gooch."

Then he sat down, and the two sad-hearted old men condoled with each other as best they could.

There was no one at the academy on whom the blow fell more heavily than upon Dave Flint. Flint did not try to express his sorrow in words, but to him it seemed that a part of his very life had been torn away.

It was Buckhart who somehow realized that Flint's feelings must be intensely moved, and he visited the plebe in his room on Monday. Dave sat staring dully at the wall. He looked at Brad, but showed no surprise, even though the Texan had never before entered that room.

"Pard," said the Westerner, "somehow I wanted to see you and see how you feel about this here awful thing. I reckon you liked Merriwell pretty well."

"Liked him!" choked Flint, aroused. "My God! I loved him more than a brother! Don't talk to me of him! Don't! I can't stand it!"

That revealed to Brad the depths of Dave Flint's heart. The Texan sat down, and for a long time both remained silent and sorrowing, speaking no word, but feeling that this great loss had drawn them together by a bond of mutual grief and sympathy.

But soon about Fardale there came strange whispering of ghostly sights and sounds. The boys told many tales of these things, and it was not long before the place was believed to be haunted by the spook of Dick Merriwell.

CHAPTER XII.

THE "SPOOK" STEPS FORTH.

On Wednesday Flint came to Buckhart's room at an hour when he thought he might find Brad there. He was not disappointed, and the Texan asked him in.

It was plain that Flint was experiencing deep emotion. He took a letter from his pocket.

"He is dead," he said, huskily, "and I cannot thank him for his last great kindness to me."

Brad knew the plebe was speaking of Dick.

"What was it?" asked the Texan.

"To-day I received this letter from my uncle. He has increased my allowance and says I am to do no more work here at school, but am to study and take part in sports and games like the other fellows. And he has done this, he says, because a fellow named Merriwell, whose brother he knows, wrote him all about how I was struggling to get along here."

Brad nodded.

"Just like Dick to be trying to give some poor devil a lift," he said.

Dave Flint sat down and covered his scarred face with his hands. For some time he sat thus. When he spoke, it was to say:

"It's too late! I don't care about sports now. I shall never care for them any more that Dick is gone!"

"Nor I," said Brad. "In fact, I reckon I shall get out of here right soon. I don't believe I can stay here. But first I want to find out all about how it happened. I have my suspicions. I opine Chet Arlington had a hand in the cutting of that there hole in the ice. If he did——"

Buckhart did not finish the sentence, but there was a terrible gleam in his eyes.

"What do you think about the academy being haunted by Dick's ghost?" asked Dave.

"I don't take any stock whatever in it. If he was to come back here as a spook, I sure allow I'd be the first one he'd visit. He'd know I wanted to see him a heap, and he'd know, too, that I'd never be afraid of my old side pard, either dead or alive."

"But there have been some strange sounds heard on the top floor," said Flint.

"Have you heard them?"

"No; but some of the others have, and one or two of the fellows declare they have seen the spook."

"Rot!" pronounced Buckhart.

That very night, however, four fellows crept along the corridor toward a certain room away in the northeast corner of the "cock-loft," as the plebes' floor was called. In the room toward which they were creeping a cadet had once committed suicide. For a long time it was said that the place was haunted by his spook, and never since that day had the room been occupied. The locked door was seldom or never opened.

The four fellows were Hector Marsh, Tom Walker, Jack Harwood and Obediah Tubbs.

"I heard it in there last night," declared Walker. "Keep still, fellows; don't make any noise."

"Dern my picter!" gasped Obediah Tubbs; "I'm shakin' like I hed a chill. There's bin some awful

queer goings on round this ranch sence Dick disappeared."

"The place is haunted!" averred Marsh. "I have seen Merriwell's ghost! It comes to my room almost every night. Preston is a total wreck. The fellow will die of fright yet. He can't eat or sleep."

"Oh, say!" muttered Harwood; "you don't mean that you have really and truly seen it?"

"Yes I do!" declared Marsh. "I saw it just as plain as anything, and it was all in white. Preston just gasps and ducks under the clothes. Then the spook vanishes."

They were now near the room toward which they were proceeding, and they stole up to the door, where they paused and listened, hearing their hearts pounding madly.

After a minute or two they distinctly heard light footsteps within the room of the suicide.

"There it is!" hissed Marsh.

"Dern my picter!" gurgled Obediah Tubbs, and he fled along the corridor, followed immediately by the others.

Tubbs disappeared. Harwood retreated to his room. Marsh asked Walker to come with him.

"I'm going to change rooms and roommates, or I'll leave this old academy," declared Hector. "I can't stand Preston. He'll make a wreck of me in another week. I know the spook comes to see him."

They found Chester Arlington in the room with Preston.

"Glad you've come, Heck," said Chester.

Preston sat silent in a corner.

"We've been on a ghost hunt," explained Marsh. Preston started and choked.

"A ghost hunt?" questioned Arlington.

"Yes. Been up to the room where that fellow committed suicide a long time ago."

"Well?"

"Well, we heard the ghost. He's in there. We heard him walking."

"I don't take much stock in ghosts myself," said Arlington; "but there does seem to be something queer

happening around this place. I have heard rappings almost every night lately. Last night I saw something white in my room, but it disappeared when I jumped out of bed and struck a light."

Preston got up.

"Then you have seen it, too?" he cried, thickly. "I am not the only one. I thought I might be. It comes here every night."

"That's right," nodded Marsh; "and I'm going to move. I can't stand it. The ghost seems to like Preston too well to suit me. I'm going to leave him here to hobnob with his ghostship all alone."

"Don't do that!" cried Preston, in great distress. "I can't stay here alone! I shall commit suicide!"

"Well, that's one way of escaping," said Arlington, coldly. "It may be a good thing. Go ahead!"

These words filled the wretched lad with despair.

"You've all turned against me!" he cried. "I haven't a friend left! Is this the way you stick by a fellow when he is in trouble? Is this the kind of friends you are?"

"You're a squealer!" contemptuously declared Chester. "Nobody wants anything to do with a squealer."

"That's right," nodded Marsh. "Besides, he'll break me all up if I have to stay with him. He doesn't eat or sleep or anything. He's like a frightened rabbit."

"I'm haunted!" suddenly cried Preston, in a wild manner. "I am haunted by Dick Merriwell's spook!"

There came a rustling sound, and out from the alcove stepped a figure all in white. It had the face and form of Dick Merriwell. One arm was outstretched and a finger pointed directly at the boy who had just made this declaration.

"Yes, Fred Preston," said the apparition, in a hollow, sepulchral voice, "you are haunted! I shall haunt you till you confess your crime! Confess—confess at once!"

Down on his knees fell Preston, uttering a scream of fear.

"Oh, God!" he cried. "I didn't really mean to kill you! I cut the ice, but I thought you might get out! I'm sorry I did it! I am——"

With a choking groan, he fell forward on his face in a dead faint.

"Better take care of him, fellows," said Dick Merriwell, in his natural voice, as he stood looking down at the prostrate figure. "I am done playing the ghost, for I have frightened him into confessing that he set the trap that came near finishing me."

* * * * *

Brad Buckhart was in his room when the door opened and Dick walked in, dressed in a summer suit of white duck, with white canvas shoes and a white yachting cap.

Buckhart uttered a whoop and sprang up, his eyes bulging.

"Great jumping tarantulas!" he roared. "Is it you—or is it really a spook?"

"No spook," laughed Dick. "I'm here in the flesh."

Still the Texan seemed in doubt. Only for a moment, then, with a wild yell of joy, he sprang forward and clasped Dick in his muscular arms.

Dick's explanation of his escape was simple. The ice all about the hole was strong, and he had been able to get out quickly, whereupon he had hastened from the lake and to his room to change his clothes. While in his room he had been seized by the desire to play spook and seek to discover who had set the trap and lured him into it. This fancy took a strong hold on him, and he proceeded to carry the plan into execution. Taking the white suit from his wardrobe, he proceeded to the so-called haunted room, where he concealed himself. That room was situated under the eaves, and along the slope close down between the partition and the eaves there was a narrow unfinished place along which it was possible to creep. Dick had known all about this when he was a plebe, and he also knew that in the closets of certain rooms were loose boards which could be removed to admit any one who wished to enter in that manner from the passage. Thus he was enabled to visit the room of Marsh and Preston and that of several other fellows, including Arlington.

When Dick had fully explained his object and its result in the confession of Preston, Buckhart almost cried for joy.

"But don't you ever do anything like that again, pard!" he earnestly exclaimed. "I opine if you'd known how it would have broken up your friends you'd not done it this time."

"Perhaps you're right about that," confessed Dick. "I thought it would be a pretty good joke; but I am not entirely satisfied with it now, regarding it in the light of a joke. Still, I accomplished my object in finding out who set the trap."

"I'd 'a' sworn it was Chet Arlington. But this Preston is one of his side pards. Say, Dick, there'll sure be a high old jamboree of rejoicing here at old Fardale now that you have returned alive and well."

Brad was right; there was a "high old jamboree."

THE END.

The Next Number (360) Will Contain

Dick Merriwell's Registered Package;

OR,

FRANK MERRIWELL'S DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

TRICKED, TRAPPED, TRIUMPHANT!

**Mining Syndicate Forces Fight on Merriwell
Brothers—Foul Play by the Notorious Claim
Grabbers—Syndicate Determined to
Steal Merriwell Mines.**

FARDALE SPECIAL, February 5.—Dispatches have just been received from Arizona stating that Frank Merriwell is engaged in a life and death struggle with the paid desperadoes of the American Mining Syndicate.

Full particulars in Tip Top, No. 360.

Latest Information: Frank Merriwell reported killed!



NEW YORK, February 28, 1903.

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APPLAUSE.

PRIZE LETTER NO. 77.

Having read every five-cent weekly that has been published within the last five years, I find that the Tip Top has a walkover when it comes to first-class literature. Burt L. Standish is certainly a fine writer. His description of a football game is so real that one imagines he can hear the cheering throng, see the fluttering flags, and the dirt-stained heroes who are battling for the honor of the old school. The baseball stories are also very good, especially the ones in the Mad River League. I admire a good baseball story as I am a baseball player myself, being captain of the Star A. C., of Wallington, which recently tried for your prizes. The stories are pure and clean, five and six men are not killed in every chapter, as in other weeklies. The villains, of course, have an untimely end, but they are not shot down in cold blood by the hero. The stories teach several useful things. They are: To always keep cool in time of danger. To be fair and square in your dealings with others, as the old saying goes, "Honesty is the best policy." Never believe a man guilty until it is proven. Many an innocent man has been hung through the misjudgment of others. The Applause Column has always been a

favorite with Tip Top readers. Here they express different views on the characters whom they like and whom they do not with all the whys and wherefores. The physical culture is also a great addition to the Tip Top. Here the young men who aspire to be modern Hercules, receive their instruction from Professor Fourmen, who has charge of the work. The last page of this great weekly is the meeting place for thousands of photographers, who show their skill by exhibiting pictures of the leading American sports. This great weekly encourages amateurism in sports, denounces cigarette smoking, instills pluck and courage in its readers and also impresses upon them the old adage that the game is never over until the last man is out. The type is large. It does not strain the eyes to read it, something that cannot be said of every weekly. And now let me state, in conclusion, that I am, always was, and always will be a reader and an admirer of the king of weeklies—Tip Top. Hoping that when the final vote is taken I may be one of the lucky ones, I remain, respectfully yours,

Passaic, N. J.

GEORGE ATKINSON.

We, too, hope that you may be a prize winner for you have written an unusually good letter, a concise one, yet covering every point in Tip Top's large number of leading features. You are a capable and impartial critic.

PRIZE LETTER NO. 78.

We do not often realize what an immense amount of good or bad one person can do if he tries. We often read of people who direct their energies toward beautifying their village or toward giving educational advantages. Burt L. Standish, with his Tip Top Weekly, is influencing the whole United States, and, instead of beautifying a certain village, he is purifying, beautifying, and ennobling the minds of thousands of young people in this country. Great men teach us that there is in this world nothing great but man; and in man, nothing great but mind. The author of Tip Top is, therefore, purifying the very world in which we live. Who can read the story of Frank or Dick Merriwell, setting forth their noble qualities and generous natures without imbibing some of that moral courage and generosity. It has been said that we are known by the company we keep. If we associate in thought with such noble characters as Dick Merriwell, will we not become like him? Surely we cannot read of one noble act without realizing, in part, how low and mean we ourselves are and having a desire for something better. I would say to Burt L. Standish and Prof. Fourmen, keep up the good work and may the result in future years be a stronger, healthier, and nobler American youth. Very truly yours,

Mansfield, Pa.

RALPH WELLS.

A fine letter, which tells us something of you, in what you tell us of Tip Top. It is most gratifying to hear that the Merriwells are exerting the good influence which we hoped for, and that the typical good young American, such as you, are admirers and emulate their characters.

PRIZE LETTER NO. 79.

I allow that Tip Top is the "real thing," and any galoot who says it is not can be convinced by "trailing me down." I didn't think much of these five-cent weeklies until I got my claws on Tip Top, but I finally got through my old wozzie that Tip Top was the real thing. "You hear me proclaim!" Dick and Frank are the limit for good heroes. I opine they are as "nervy" as could be. I allow that Chester A. and Miguel B. ought to be strung to the first tree, like horse thieves.

Pisen Bill and Snowflake Charley are peaches. As to the Doris-Felecia question, I allow that only the tenderfeet have anything to proclaim. I opine it's a trifle early to be so definite. I opine I don't know just how to reckon Hal Darrel, but I allow he will come out all right. Three whoops for Tip Top, and all connected with it! Yours,

Greenville, Ohio.

A BUCKHART ADMIRER.

In true Buckhart style you have given us your opinion on Tip Top. It is a good one, so we are grateful.

PRIZE LETTER NO. 80.

I have read the Tip Top from No. 1 up to date, and think it the best book published for boys and girls, as well as for the old folks. Frank Merriwell is a model worthy of any and every American youth to follow, and I think none better could be found. Bart Hodge is what a true friend should be, and those

who abuse him so shamefully should be classed as senseless fools. He is the type of an American youth's best friend, and as such should be worthy of much praise. The plots described in this excellent weekly are short of being marvelous. They are set forth so clearly and in such a lifelike manner as to make one imagine he is participating in trying to frustrate them. The Tip Top is doing wonders for the American, as well as foreign, youth through its physical culture department, and I hope will continue to do so always. It tells us what clean, manly sport should be, and denounces unmanly sport so clearly as to make the dullest comprehend what is right and what is wrong. Tip Top is read the world over, as it richly deserves to be, and, I sincerely hope, will be forever. Long may it live and prosper, as it is the king of weeklies, and has no rival worth mentioning. Yours truly,

WM. JACKSON.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Another prize letter. They pour in every day. All are good, but which are the best, readers?

I live 'way up here in the corner State,
But I don't think I'll be too late
To send my wishes, which are my best,
To Burt L. Standish and the rest.

Oh, yes, they may call me a Tip Top crank;
But I'm a true friend to Dick, Bob and Frank,
And Brad, and Bart, and Hal, and Smart,
And all the girls are in high rank.

Pretty Doris is the girl we all like,
And the other girls will have to hike
To get ahead of Dick's true friend;
But I'll bet she'll get there in the end.

Chester Arlington ought to be shot—
And Migul Bunal's head was too hot
To stay in Fardale, where a tough
Will get what's due him sure enough.

Well, I suppose I've said enough—
But don't think for a minute that it's a bluff,
For although they call me a Tip Top crank,
I am a true friend to Dick and Frank.

Yours truly,

CHESTER G. YOUNG.

Walla Walla, Wis.

Hurrah for you. That is the way to let us know what you think of Tip Top.

Having read your "King of Weeklies" for several years, I write to show my appreciation of it. There is no doubt that Mr. Standish is one of the best authors of the present day and can rank with the best ones. I think the characters are all very excellent. Frank and Dick are O. K., and so are all the rest of the "old and new" flock. Brad Buckhart and Ted Smart are my favorites. I will now close, with three cheers for the Tip Top. Yours truly,

Charleston, S. C.

OSCAR FURCHGOTT.

Thank you for your enthusiasm. Let us hear from you again.

I see that in No. 349 of the Tip Top Weekly there is a letter published from "A True June Admirer" named George Resmond. He "wants to announce himself a champion of June Arlington," and very kindly and condescendingly states that he has nothing against Doris and Felecia, but thinks June is the girl for Dick. Well, he has a right to his opinion, and I don't want to take it away from him, for Doris has scores of admirers, and doesn't need him; but I'm just going to let him know a few of my opinions.

First, I don't think June Arlington the girl for Dick. That honor belongs to sweet Queen Doris, as the "White Hot Doris Champion" has rightly christened her. Doris is like Elsie in some ways; she is like Inza in others. Like Elsie, she is pure, and sweet, and dainty, and exquisitely high-bred, shrinking from and despising all that is mean and bad, though this is true of Inza, also—loving beauty and brightness, and of a sunny disposition, faithful and true-hearted, never forgetting or passing over

her friends, easily induced to forget and forgive an injury done her.

Like Inza, she is impulsive (and her impulses are always noble ones), instantly aroused to passion and burning resentment by a mean, sneaking, cowardly speech or action; and spirited, daring, always fearless—or, at least, able to conceal her fear under the most fearsome circumstances; if there is danger, thinking of others before herself. In fact, Doris may be called a combination of Elsie and Inza, just as Dick has been said to be a mixture of Frank and Bart. And I think this is true, in a measure, of Dick and Doris, though they each also possess undefinable individual traits which belong to no one else. In regard to Doris, the "White Hot Doris Champion" makes an enthusiastic statement in his letter (No. 342), which just fits in here:

"She is nobly grand, pure and sweet—a veritable queen. She far excels either Elsie or Inza, combining the noblest, loveliest qualities of the two." And I, and all of us, I think, say, with the champion of our lovely lady, "All hail Queen Doris!"

Philadelphia, Pa.

NORMAN H. CLERMONT.

You are a red-hot champion, indeed, to our fair Queen Doris, and, with many such as you, she can feel the proud possessor of a host of friends, not only in name, but in deed as well. With such an army, she deserves the name of queen.

Although a school teacher, I read your Tip Top. I think they are the best weeklies for boys and girls published in America, and I think every boy and girl should read them. Frank Merriwell is a good, brave, true, honest and wonderful fellow. Inza is the sweetest, bravest, prettiest and truest of girls. The best life partner for Frank. Elsie is a very brave, true and pretty girl. She is the girl for Bart Hodge. Bart, Bruce, Harry, Jack and Dick Star-bright are wonderful fellows, but Frank is the star of all. Frank's brother Dick is a wonderful fellow for his age. What will Dick be when he graduates from Yale—dear old Yale. I would like to see Dick go through Yale College when he gets through Fardale. I think Dick will be a second Frank Merriwell. What a country would the United States be if every boy would try to be a Frank Merriwell. He is a grand character. Well, I must close for this time, wishing a long, happy and successful life to Frank Merriwell, his friends and their sweethearts, to Dick Merriwell and his friends and their sweethearts, to Burt L. Standish, and long continued prosperity to Street & Smith. An admirer,

Louisville, Ohio.

WILLIAM H. LAUTZENHEISER.

Well said, if all young boys followed the Merriwell boys' example we would boast a finer, stronger set of men. They are well worth striving to emulate.

As I am a constant reader of Tip Top Weekly, I have sat down to write a few lines of applause. Dick Merriwell is what I call an "ideal American youth." In Tip Top No. 348, Bill Bradley couldn't see the point of a joke, and that is true, for I met only one Englishman who could accomplish that. I hope Dick will not become infatuated with June Arlington, because Doris holds a rightful claim on him. I would like to go to a school that is as honorable as Fardale. My mother objected to my reading them till she read one herself. I would like to shake the hand of Burt L. Standish and Street & Smith. Hurrah for superior of all weeklies, Tip Top! HAROLD GRANT.

N. Y. City.

Glad to know that you are such an admirer of Dick Merriwell. He well deserves it.

I wish to give a word of praise to your excellent paper, Tip Top. It certainly is fine. The last number, 348, is the best one of all. Ted Smart is my favorite. Dick, Brad, Frank, Bart, Bob Singleton, Darrel, Nunn, Bradley, and Tubbs are all to the good, I know. You hear me gently gurgle. I don't like ghost stories—oh, no, not at all; and I don't want to see any more in Tip Top. That's why I thought No. 348 was poor! I don't think!

Brad's and Smart's language is very amusing. They certainly are the real thing.

Wishing good luck to all Dick's and Frank's friends, I remain, Yours truly,

Philadelphia, Pa.

T. P. S.

Thank you. We hope that Tip Top will always continue to please you.

TIP TOP WINTER SPORTS

CONTEST



Basket-Ball Scores for the Week

Hillton Athletes, 72; Wellingtons (Prescott), 5.

Hillton Athletes—R. G. Crocker, forward; R. F. Hope (capt.), forward; S. M. Keane, center; R. L. Shield, guard; J. W. Hobart, guard.

Wellingtons—MacPherson, forward; A. MacDermont, forward; J. Bon, center; D. Stewart, guard; W. W. Mulligan (capt.), guard.

Hillton Athletes, 65; W. W. University (Ogdensburg), 0.

Hillton Athletes—C. W. Gray, forward; R. F. Hope (capt.), forward; T. H. Nesbitt, center; J. F. Whitman, guard; S. A. Earle, guard.

W. W. University—Paddock, forward; G. Hamilton, forward; M. St. John, center; T. Ballard, guard; H. Glavin, guard.

Hillton Athletes, 17; Lost Village A. C. (Lost Village), 0.

Hillton Athletes—W. W. Hill, forward; R. G. Crocker, forward; T. H. Nesbitt, center; R. L. Shield, guard; S. A. Earle, guard.

Lost Village A. C.—J. Chichester, forward; L. Blomgren, forward; E. Anastaso, center; B. Rubart, guard; C. Molann, guard.

Hillton Athletes, 12; Riparius A. C. (Ogdensburg), 3.

Hillton Athletes—W. W. Hill, forward; R. G. Crocker, forward; S. M. Keane, center; R. L. Shield, guard; R. M. Taylor, guard.

Riparius A. C.—A. Kuntzmann, forward; J. Kuntzmann, forward; F. Schackermann, center; H. Fleckenstein, guard; H. Kuntzmann, guard.

Hillton Athletes, 5; Hillton Athletes, ad. 3.

Hillton Athletes—Carl W. Gray, forward; R. F. Hope (capt.), forward; T. H. Nesbitt, center; J. F. Whitman, guard; S. A. Earle, guard.

Hillton Athletes, 2d—R. G. Crocker, forward; R. M. Taylor, forward; R. L. Shield, center; W. W. Hill, guard; J. W. Hobart, guard.

Station A, 11; Station C, 5.

Station A—Stackhouse, forward; Tarlton, forward; Brooks, center; Young, guard; Bowen, guard.

Station C—Lewis, forward; Morrissey, forward; Cooper, center; Yeaton, guard; Conners, guard.

Millville A. A., 22; Elmer, 7.

Millville A. A.—H. Smith, H. Bornhoff, E. Bacon, J. Chard, R. Gifford.

Elmer—D. Edwards, E. Koechig, Strang, G. Edwards, H. Warner.

Brunswick A. C., 102; Town Team, 0.

Brunswick A. C.—Bucklin, Phillip, Scott, Kennedy, Clark.
Town Team—Smith, Donohue, Mitchell, Dempsey, O'Brien, Hartman, McKenna.

Brunswick A. C., 33; Spring Streets, 0.

Brunswick A. C.—Regular team.
Spring Streets—Sullivan, Jackson, Larned, Williams, Day.

Brunswick A. C., 4; Shamrocks, 0.

Brunswick A. C.—Regular team.
Shamrocks—Horan, Heide, Keane, Ewald, Wyant.

Brunswick A. C., 2; Topsham H. S., 0.

Brunswick A. C.—Regular team.
Topsham H. S.—Conner, Brown, Workman, Akins, Fanver, Tompkins.

Brunswick A. C., 21; Brunswick G. S., 0.

Brunswick A. C.—Regular team.
Brunswick G. S.—Kerr, Haskins, Shipps, McGlashan, Hutchinson.

Fardale, Jr., 10; Ashby, 0.

Fardale, Jr.—Streib, 1 b; Dorr, r b; Pearson, c; Monson, 1 f; Bonner, r f.

Ashby—Adams, r b; Van, 1 b; Williams, c; Cripps, r f; Rowell, 1 f.

Fardale, Jr., 3; Enterprise A. C., 0.

Fardale, Jr.—Regulars.
Enterprise A. C.—A. Miller, r b; Mayo, 1 b; Cattin, c; Moon, r f; F. Miller, 1 f.

Snowden A. C., 15; Barnes & Erb B. B., 0.

Snowden A. C.—Hughes, Pyne, Blackbrun, Mink, Carlin.
Barnes & Erb B. B.—Traut, Greene, Wilson, Weber, Muir.

Snowden A. C., 24; Belmont High School, 0.

Snowden A. C.—Regulars.
Belmont High School—C. Smith, Tilton, H. Smith, Taylor, Jameson.

Snowden A. C., 49; Colonial B. B., 0.

Snowden A. C.—Regulars.
Colonial B. B.—Brooks, Fraser, Lang, Collier, Sutters.

Lucky Five, 4; Crackajacks, 0.

Lucky Five—M. Murphy (capt.), r f; B. Burke, 1 f; W. O'Connor, c; W. O'Brien, r b; M. Kenefick, 1 b.

Crackajacks—Cal Flanagan (capt.), r f; Harold Green, 1 f; Norris Waldruf, c; Jack O'Connor, r b; Edward Macdonald, 1 b.

A brief account of our game at the Paris St. Gym. The game was called at 3 p. m. sharp. Prof. McGinness was the referee. He threw the ball up. O'Connor of our side hit it to Murphy, who fumbled, and the other side getting the ball, after a brief struggle we got the ball. After some clever passing the ball got to O'Brien, who threw a goal. Two minutes were left to play, but neither side succeeded in getting a goal. Thus ended the first half.

Again the ball was thrown up. Waldruf of the enemy succeeded in hitting the ball to Green, who succeeded in passing O'Connor. While he was trying to throw it into the basket Kenefick knocked it out of his hand and got it and threw it the length of the floor. Murphy caught it, and after several attempts he threw the ball into the basket. Score, 4 to 0, in favor of the Lucky Five. Signed, MANAGER MAURICE MURPHY.
East Boston, Mass.

Kindly consider us applicants, and also publish this in the next week's Tip Top Weekly.

Nason Street Stars, 38; Medway High School Juniors, 0.

Nason Street Stars—C. Dean, r f; K. Cleveland, 1 f; R. Tracy, c; G. Prue, r g; W. Couphline, 1 g.

Medway High School Juniors—Clark, 1 g; Wise, r g; Mason, c; Sanford, 1 f; McMurry, r f.

A. H. S., 20; Reserves, 11.

A. H. S.—H. Bennethum, forward; Wallauer, forward; Landefield center; Granger, guard; Dence, guard.
Reserves—Stewart, forward; Bennethum, forward; Betts, center; Reed, guard; Vaughn, guard.

A. H. S., 21; Gordon H. S., 4.

A. H. S.—Regular team.

Gordon H. S.—Constantine, Miles, Moyer, Harper, Myers.

Strenuous Five, 14; Garden Glories, 0.

Strenuous Five—Charley Moore, right forward; Ray Harden, left forward; Dick Beman, center; Robt. Mailey, right back; John Mason, left back.

Manager—Ray Harden.

Garden Glories—Charley Winters, right forward; William Winters, left forward; Willis Emery, center; Tommy Andrews, right back; Chas. Beckwith, left back.

Manager—Claude Frank.

Ice Hockey Scores for the Week

Defenders, 8; Jeffersons, 0.

Defenders—R. Allan, F. Duck, J. Campbell, D. Solmes, B. Courmahan, H. Paddock, G. Canham.

Jeffersons—Caldwell, Riddle, Breene, Rodgers, McClane, Hall, H. Burns.

Defenders I. H. T., 22; Scrubs I. H. T., 0.

Defenders—Regular team.

Scrubs I. H. T.—Cary, Dixon, Wilkie, Gallagher, Cutliff, Solan, Pettengill.

Jeffersons, 16; Defenders, 0.

Jefferson—Regular team.

Defenders—Allan, Duck, Campbell, Solmes, forwards; Courmahan, cover point; Paddock, point; Canham, goal.

Blue Bells, 14; Red Demons, 2.

Blue Bells—Schuerer, Ruger, Uestice, B. Stockman, Borrisey, A. Stockman, Nolan.

Red Demons—Neil, Wells, Philp, Nelson, Frank, A. Minor, S. Minor.

B. require 6; Canals, 5.

Blue Bells—Regular team.

Canals—Wells, Bold, Logan, Fenn, Sadon, Weller.

Brunswick A. C., 8; Brunswick G. S., 0.

Brunswick A. C.—Kaylor, l c; Steele, l w; Hamlet, r w; McCormack, r c; Maginnis, c p; Shoop, p; Davis, g.

Brunswick G. S.—Jones, l c; Kittle, l w; O'Brien, r w; Schultz, r c; Huter, c p; Pater, p; Klimper, g.

Brunswick A. C., 20; Brunswick Second, 0.

Brunswick A. C.—Regular.

Brunswick Second—Krull, l c; Woodbridge, l w; T. Shideler, r w; Runge, r c; Olin, c p; Peck, p; Bonham, g.

Brunswick A. C., 5; Berlin, 0.

Brunswick A. C.—Regular.

Berlin—Clark, l c; Collbran, l w; Jones, r w; Reed, r c; Weber, c p; Atkinson, p; Hoover, g.

Brunswick A. C., 3; Topsham H. S., 0.

Brunswick A. C.—Regular.

Topsham H. S.—Gifford, Fisher, McGan, Crans, Ballard, Gilchrist, Lillig.

Brunswick A. C., 18; Spring Streets, 0.

Brunswick A. C.—Regular.

Spring Streets—Kirchner, Chapman, Minke, Gardner, Hart, Ashley, Wong Leong.

B. G. S., 8; B. A. C., 0.

B. G. S.—G. Fisher, G. Manly, V. Thompson, R. Thompson, L. Davis, L. King, W. Snow.

Manager—Willie Snow.

B. A. C.—G. Shaw, C. Clancy, F. Carr, I. Mason, W. Johnson, W. Rice, E. Harris.

B. G. S., 16; P. T., 1.

B. G. S.—Regulars.

P. T.—W. Wayne, E. Parker, H. Woodward, O. Wheeler, W. Wheeler, F. Bahne, B. Woods.

B. G. S., 13; Q. H. S., 2.

B. G. S.—Regulars.

Q. H. S.—F. Fuller, C. Wilson, H. Frink, T. Lacoe, H. Gillet, F. Hill, G. Williams.

B. G. S., 6; P. A. C., 0.

B. G. S.—Regulars.

P. A. C.—J. Reid, R. Plumer, M. Weeden, A. Pimey, F. Bradly, H. Kent, G. Smith.

B. G. S., 12; S. H., 0.

B. G. S.—Regulars.

S. H.—H. Hudson, D. White, E. Small, F. Davis, H. Howers, T. Jackson, W. Brown.

Central, 19; All-Star, 0.

Central—A. Anderson, goal; L. Anderson, c. point; H. Haidner, point; T. Graham and Jaeger, forward; E. Channer, W. Sunnen, C. Cone, forwards.

Manager—Graham.

All-Star—Broad, goal; Howe, c. point; C. Hussander, point; Roberts, Nelson, Anderson, Scriner, forwards.

Central, 9; Lakewood, 4.

Central—T. Graham, H. Haidner, A. Anderson, L. Anderson, E. Channer, B. Sunnen, C. Cone.

Lakewood—James, Hardy, Sherman, Willis, Barret, Suhr, Pitcarin.

Central, 3; Seniors, 0.

Central—Regulars.

Seniors—Teggart, goal; O'Donnell, point; Rogers, c. point; Smith, Campbell, Stuart, Gray, forwards.

Central, 7; Lakewood, 6.

Central—Regulars.

Lakewood—James, Hardy, Sherman, Willis, Barret, Suhr, Pitcarin.

Central A. C., 0; Senior Club, 0.

Central—Regulars.

Senior Club—Gray, Taggart, Rogers, Smith, O'Donnell, Campbell, Stuart.

Central A. C., 2; Seniors, 0.

Central—Regulars.

Seniors—Gray, Taggart, Smith, O'Donnell, Campbell, Stuart, Rogers.

Central, 16; Alta Vista, 0.

Central—Regulars.

Alta Vista—Ruhle, point; Bicksbee, Taylor, Rogers, Stone, forwards.

Central, 24; Alta Vista, Juniors, 1.

Central—Regulars.

Alta Vista Juniors—A. Williams, goal; C. Williams, point; Ruhle, c. point; Bicksbee, Taylor, Rogers, Stone, forwards.

Central, 8; Crescents, 0.

Central—Regulars.

Crescents—Fuller, goal; Davis, c. point; Wright, point; Strong, Wessley, Hayde, O'Grady, forwards.

N. P. A. C., 14; G. L. A. C., 1.

N. P. A. C.—Owens, George, Armstrong, Miller (capt. and mgr.), Brose, Emmons, Humble.

G. L. A. C.—Gates, Holbrook, Brown, James, Adams, Overton, Wentworth.

N. P. A. C., 8; P. A. H. S., 0.

N. P. A. C.—Owens, George, Armstrong, Brose, Miller (capt. and mgr.), Emmons, Humble.

P. A. H. S.—Jones, Jennings, Smith, Wilson, Woolston, Cummings, Beal.

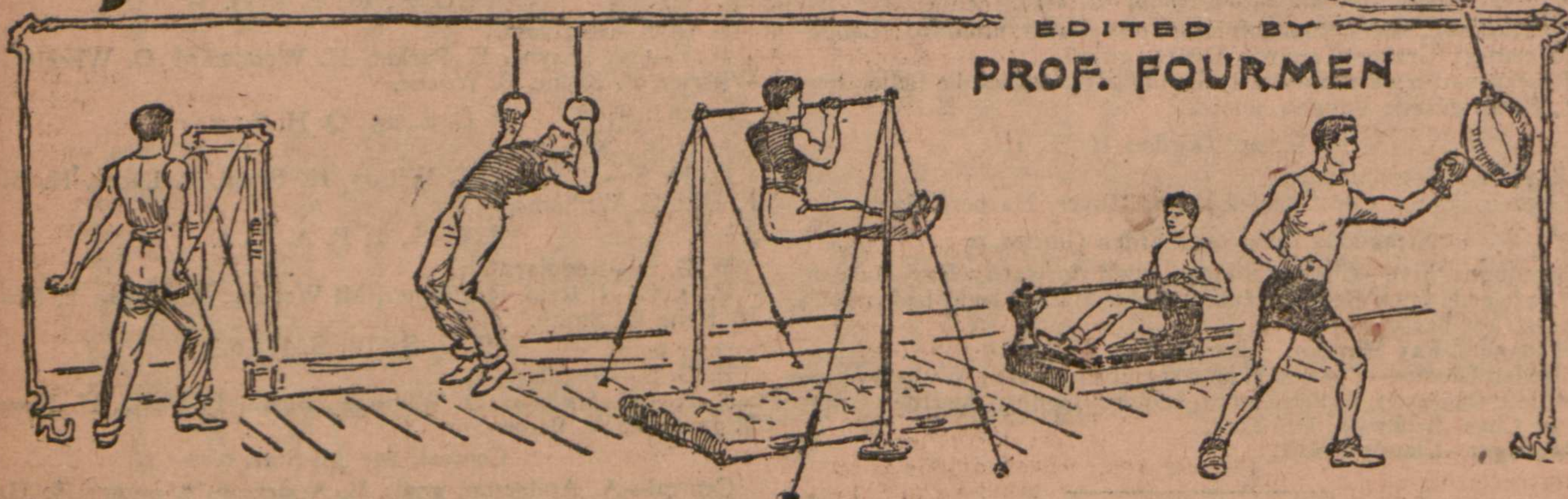
Virginia, 4; St. Paul, 1.

Virginia—Wood, goal; Routh, point; Richards, cover point; Robinson, center; Bass, left wing; Peabody, right wing; Patterson (capt.), rover.

St. Paul—A. Newell, goal; Oehme, point; Newson (capt.), cover point; S. Lawrence, center; C. Newell, left wing; Hall, right wing; H. Lawrence, rover.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

EDITED BY
PROF. FOURMEN



Prof. Fourmen: It will be a great favor if you will answer the following questions: 1. What will strengthen the muscles of the arm and leg? 2. I am short winded. What will cure it? 3. What will cure a pain in the side caused by running? 4. My friend hurt his arm pitching this summer. When he pitches now a pain comes in his elbow joint, making it impossible for him to throw. What will cure it? 5. I will be 15 years old in February, am 5 feet 8 inches tall, and weigh 120 pounds. How are my measurements? 6. How heavy dumbbells should I use. How heavy clubs? Yours truly,

H. C. D.

1. For the leg, run, ride a bicycle and try standing on the toes. For the arms, use dumbbells, chest weights and punching bag.
2. Try breathing exercises and running.
3. Do not run too long at a time, begin gradually, then increase your speed, but stop short of the pain
4. Rub the arm with witch hazel.
5. Fair.
6. One pound.

Prof. Fourmen: I would like to know: 1. How long to spend in the gymnasium every day for a beginning of gymnasium work? 2. I have very poor wind. Is there any way in which to improve it? 3. Are these measurements good for a boy of 12: Height, 4 feet 8½ inches; weight, 75 pounds; chest, normal, 25½ inches; inflated, 28½ inches? I remain greatly indebted to you,

B. C. DE SOLA.

1. About an hour with easy work.
2. Yes, try running and breathing exercises.
3. Your measurements are fair.

Prof. Fourmen: Will you kindly give me your advice on how heavy an Indian club a boy of 16 years should begin with? How long should one use chest weights, and which is the best time to use them, morning or night? Thanking you for your kindness, and awaiting an early reply, I remain, yours respectfully,

JOSEPH P. CUNNINGHAM.

Indian clubs should weigh one pound. Morning is the best time for exercising, but you can use the chest weights both night and morning for fifteen minutes.

Prof. Fourmen: Being a reader of the Tip Top I take liberty to ask you a few questions. I am 15 years old, weigh 146 pounds, and am 5 feet 8½ inches tall. My measurements are: Chest, expanded, 38 inches; waist, 30 inches; calf, 14 inches; biceps, 14 inches. 1. What do you think of these? 2. What exercise would you give for weak ankles? 3. Which way would you advise a person to run, on the balls of the feet, or, as you walk, landing with the heels first? Thanking you in advance, I remain,

CHARLES BERNARD.

1. Your measurements are good.
2. Try standing on the toes and riding a bicycle.
3. Always on the toes.

Prof. Fourmen: Will you kindly let me know through Tip Top how my measurements are? Age, 17 years; height, 5 feet 8½ inches; weight, 152 pounds, dressed; calves, 14 inches; thighs, 20

inches; biceps, flexed, 12 inches; forearm, 9 inches; neck, 14 inches; shoulders, 40 inches around; chest, normal, 33 inches; inflated, 36½ inches. Does it make any difference what time of the day I exercise, and can I gain weight by exercising? Thanking you for your answer, I remain, yours truly,

J. P.

The morning is the best time for exercising. Yes, by training you will gain flesh in time.

Prof. Fourmen: I am 16 years old; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 135 pounds; neck, 15 inches; chest, normal, 33 inches; expanded, 36 inches; waist, 29½ inches; hips, 33 inches; thighs, 21 inches; calves, 14 inches. I have been exercising for about a year and have gained wonderfully. Here are some of my records: 100-yard dash, 11.5 seconds; standing broad jump, 8 feet 2 inches; running broad jump, 16 feet. I play shortstop on a baseball team composed of players from 17 to 27 years of age. I also play basketball, hockey and association football. Please point out my weak points and oblige, yours,

H. G.

Your measurements are very good. Keep up your athletics and you will become better all the time.

Prof. Fourmen: I will be much obliged if you will answer a few questions for me. 1. I am 15 years old; height, 4 feet 8 inches; weight, 85 pounds; neck, 12 inches; forearm, 9¼ inches; chest, normal, 26 inches; expanded, 28½ inches; wrist, 5 inches; waist, 24 inches. How are my measurements? 2. Standing broad jump, 6 feet 9 inches; 100-yard dash, 15 seconds. How are my records? 3. When I run a long distance I get a pain in my side. Please tell me the cause of this pain and if it can be stopped. Thanking you in advance, I remain, your friend,

J. McCABE.

Your measurements are fair and records good. For the pain in your side try running slowly at first, gradually increasing your speed, and stop short of the pain. Constant and systematic exercise may cure it.

Prof. Fourmen: I take the liberty to write to you asking you if you think my measurements are in good proportion. I read the Tip Top Weekly and think it a fine paper for boys. My age is 14 years 11 months; height, 5 feet 6½ inches; neck, 13 inches; chest, normal, 30¼ inches; expanded, 32 inches; waist, 29½ inches; right thigh, 19 inches; calf, 13 inches; ankle, 8½ inches. My right and left limbs are of the same measure. My arm straight out is 26 inches to tip of finger; with arm straightened out, measured around, 9½ inches; wrist, 6½ inches. Hoping to see this in print in your next number, I remain, yours respectfully,

W. F. B.

Your measurements are good.

Prof. Fourmen: I will be much obliged if you will answer a few questions for me. 1. I am 18 years 3 months old; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 148 pounds; neck, 14 inches; biceps, 12½ inches; forearm, 9½ inches; chest, normal, 34 inches; expanded, 37½ inches; from shoulder to shoulder, 15½ inches; wrist, 7 inches; waist, 31½ inches; thigh, 18 inches; calf, 12½ inches. How are my measurements? 2. I can put a 20-pound shot 24½ feet; can put out at arm's length 30 pounds; standing

broad jump, 9 feet; running broad jump, 16 feet 9 inches; standing high jump, 4 feet 2 inches; running high jump, 5 feet 4 inches; 100-yard dash in 10.3-5 seconds. How are my records? 3. How should the upper arm and shoulder muscles be, smooth or knotted? Yours truly,
N. P. S.

1. Your measurements are good.
2. Very good.
3. Smooth.

Prof. Fourmen: Being an ardent reader of Tip Top, I take the liberty to ask you a few questions because I am weak. I am 12 years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall and weigh 110 pounds. What exercise should I use to improve my strength. Hoping to hear from you soon. Yours respectfully,
TIMOTHY JOHNSON.

Go into training at once and keep at it. Follow my "General Advice to Young Athletes," to be found in Tip Top No. 265.

Prof. Fourmen: I would like to ask you a few questions as to my measurements. I want to know if they are about right. My age is 17 years; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 133½ pounds; chest, normal, 34 inches; expanded, 36½ inches; biceps, 13 inches; forearms, 10½ inches; waist, 29 inches; wrists, 8 inches; thighs, 19½ inches; calves, 14½ inches. Put this in the next book so I will be able to read what you say about it. Your friend,
CLAYTON HANKEY.

Your measurements are very good.

Prof. Fourmen: I would like to know if there is any way to take the listlessness out of a team that has traveled all morning on the train. I find that my football men, and also baseball men, do not play nearly as well after traveling. They seem listless, and have not the snap they have at home. Out of nine games, our high school played this year, we won eight, and were tied on the ninth by a team we had beaten 17 to 0 only a week and a half before. We had to travel all morning, and seemed half dead when we got on the field. Now, about myself. I am eighteen years of age, weigh 153 pounds, stand 5 feet 7½ inches; chest, normal, 33½ inches; expanded, 36 inches. I have no regular course of training. I played on the football and baseball and class basketball teams. I always run about a mile just before retiring. I take a rubdown afterward. Is this healthy? I hope it is, as I enjoy it very much. Thanking you in advance, I remain a constant reader,
A CALIFORNIA MANAGER.

After traveling, if you require each man to take a cold bath, and, if they cannot stand that, a warm one, which is cooled down until cold is good, followed by a brisk rubdown of fifteen minutes, you will find that it gives them renewed energy. Your running before retiring is a good exercise, provided you do not retire too late.

Prof. Fourmen: I am twelve years old, weigh 73 pounds, and am 4 feet 8 inches high; standing broad jump, 6 feet 2 inches; running broad jump, 10 feet 9 inches; high jump, 4 feet 3 inches; chest, normal, 26 inches; chest, expanded, 28 inches; neck, 12 inches; calf, 12½ inches. Do I compare favorably with other boys of my age? On the football team, Cataract, Jrs., I played left end, and on the Young Tigers I played left half-back. The Cataract, Jrs., lost one game out of ten. Yours respectfully,
WALDO McCABE.

Your measurements are good, also the records. Go into training, and in a few months you will notice a great change.

Prof. Fourmen: I have been a constant reader of the Tip Top for about three years, and have found it to be the best paper of its kind in the world for boys who are fond of all athletic sports. It is needless to say that I find great pleasure in reading the Applause Column, and the Question and Answer page. I hope that you will not think I am imposing upon you by the lengthy letter and the questions concerning my build and development, but having seen and read the questions of the other readers, I thought that I could take the same liberty. The following are my measures: Age, sixteen years; height, 5 feet 1½ inches in bare feet; weight, 105 pounds; neck, 12 inches; shoulder to shoulder, 14½ inches; chest, uninflated, 27 inches; normal, 28 inches; inflated, 31 inches; biceps, 10 inches; forearm, 9 inches; wrist, 6 inches; waist, 27 inches; thigh, 18 inches; calves, 12 inches. Kindly answer the following questions, if you please: 1. How are my

measurements? 2. What exercise will make my shoulders broad quickly? 3. What will give me good wind and endurance? 4. When I run or walk a great distance, I get an awful pain in my right side; can you tell me something to cure this? 5. Which is the better time to do my exercise, morning or evening? Kindly advise me which numbers of the Tip Top will be most beneficial to develop my undeveloped muscles. Hoping to see this soon, and also thanking you in advance for answering the above, I remain, yours very much indebted,
J. M. STRAUSNER.

An all-around athlete.

1. Your measurements are fair, but you are under size for your age.
2. Chest weights, punching the bag and dumbbells, but it will take some time.
3. Plenty of exercise, and running and breathing exercises.
4. Stop running short of the pain, but I would advise you to see a physician if it then continues.
5. Morning.
6. Read my "General Advice to Young Athletes," to be found in Tip Top No. 265.

Prof. Fourmen: I would like to ask you a few questions. I am sixteen years 8 months old, 5 feet 10 inches high, weigh 154 pounds. I can throw a baseball 104 yards, run a hundred yards in 10 seconds, ride a bicycle 3½ miles in 11 minutes, jump 4½ feet high, and hold out 26 pounds. Are these good records? Can you inform me what is good for a sore arm in baseball times? And, thanking you in advance, I remain, yours truly,
A YOUNG ATHLETE.

Your measurements are good, also your records. Rub it well with Omega Oil daily, and after exercising, as well.

Prof. Fourmen: I hereby send my measurements and a few records for your advice and judgment, and I want your most searching criticism, as it will spur me on to greater endeavors. Age, nineteen years, one month; height, 5 feet 6½ inches; chest, normal, 36½ inches; contracted, 34 inches; expanded, 39 inches; calves, 15½ inches; biceps, 22½ inches; neck, 14¾ inches; forearm, 11 inches; upper arm, 15½ inches; waist, 30 inches; girth of shoulders, 45 inches; and weight, 138½ pounds. Can run without practice 100 yards in 12 seconds flat. Mile on wheel, 2 minutes flat. Can run and broad jump 19 feet 7 inches; stand and broad jump, 6 feet; can raise with one hand 20 pounds. What do you think of my chances of attaining 5 feet 10 inches in height? Have never trained, but have walked two miles nearly every day of my life for three years. Don't use any kind of intoxicants whatever, and am out of doors most of my waking hours. Do I compare well with other boys of my age? Hoping to see this in next week's Tip Top, I remain, a reader,
HARRY C. BROWN.

Your measurements and records are good, and I would advise you to go into training, and keep at it. By so doing you will give yourself every advantage toward increased height.

Prof. Fourmen: I have been reading the Tip Tops for quite a while, and think that it is the best paper going. I wish you would oblige me by answering a few questions. 1. I am 5 feet 8¼ inches in height; chest, when uninflated, 31 inches; inflated, 35½ inches; arm, 12½ inches; I am fourteen years old. Are these good measurements? 2. Standing broad jump, 5 feet; running broad jump, 17 feet; standing high jump, 4 feet 3 inches; running high jump, 5 feet 9 inches; I can run 100 yards in 20 seconds. How are my records? Hoping to see this in print, I remain,
R. T. C.,
An Athlete.

You are well proportioned, and your records are exceptionally good for one of your age.

GOLDEN HOURS

Boys, have you any numbers of Golden Hours? If so, see if the following are among them: 134, 135, 156, 166, 167, 168, 169 to 192, 296, 389. I will pay liberal prices.

Address, WILLIAMS, Box 192, New York City.

..TIP TOP'S WINTER SPORTS CONTEST..

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ICE HOCKEY

Can You Put Up a Winning Team This Year?

GET YOUR SCORE CARDS

TIP TOP will furnish all Basket Ball Teams playing in the Tournament with 10 Score Cards. These will help you keep your team's record. Fill out Score Cards and send to Athletic Department, Tip Top Weekly.

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TIP TOP BASKET BALL
Champions of 1903

TIP TOP ICE HOCKEY
Champions of 1903

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THAT'S THE SPIRIT THAT WINS!

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TO

THE CHAMPIONSHIP BASKET BALL TEAM

1 Basket Ball
5 Pairs Running Trunks
5 Pairs Running Shoes
5 Armless Jerseys
5 Pairs Stockings

TO
THE CHAMPIONSHIP ICE HOCKEY TEAM

7 Pairs of Ice Hockey Skates
7 Pairs of Ice Hockey Shoes
7 Sweaters
7 Ice Hockey Caps
7 Ice Hockey Sticks

DON'T MISS A WINNING THROW. DON'T LET THE ICE SLIP FROM UNDER YOU.

HERE ARE THE DIRECTIONS FOR MANAGERS.

FIRST—Cut out and fill in one of the following coupons according as your team is an Ice Hockey or Basket Ball Team.

SECOND—Write out on paper a list of the players of your team and those of your opponent's. Write on one side of paper only.

THIRD—Pin the coupon to your written report.

FOURTH—Give a clear, concise account of the game, and send to STREET & SMITH, 238 William Street, New York City.

TIP TOP WEEKLY will publish all the scores. Therefore keep your team constantly before the athletic world by sending in ALL YOUR SCORES.

BASKET BALL COUPON

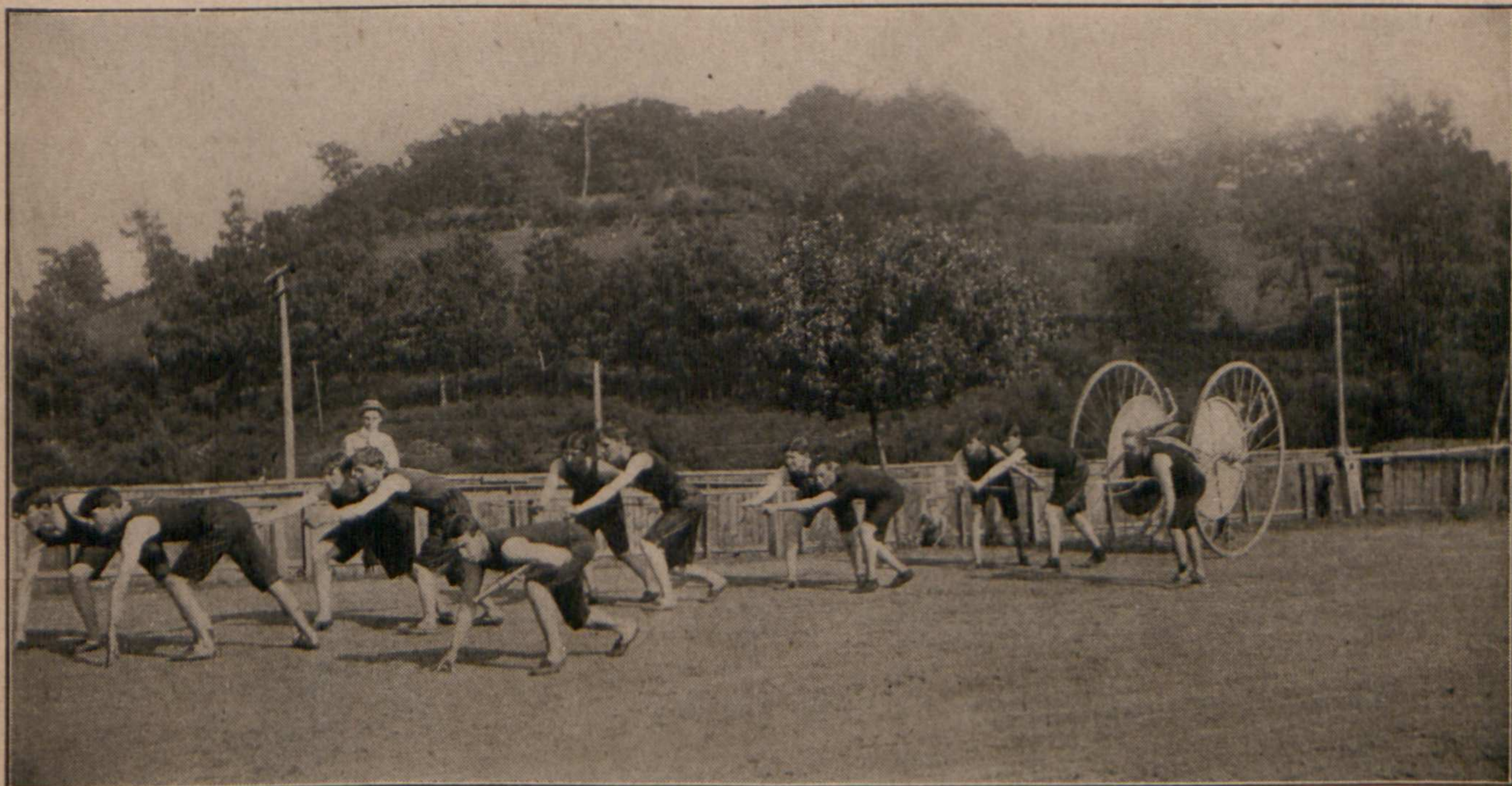
Name of Team.....
Town.....
State.....
Winner.....
Final Score.....
Date.....
Manager.....

ICE HOCKEY COUPON

Name of Team.....
Town.....
State.....
Winner.....
Final Score.....
Date.....
Manager.....

TIP TOP PRIZE GALLERY

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH No. 34



"READY TO SPRINT FOR WATER."

Prize Photograph No. 34 was entered in the Contest by H. W. Fowzer, of Economy, Pa.

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| 2. A Basketball Game | 5. A Pole Vault | 8. A Hammer Throw | 11. A Bicycle Race | 14. A Skating Match |
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Five Pairs of Running Trunks.

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Seven Ice Hockey Caps.

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TEAM AND STAY TO THE FINISH**

